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CONTENTS.

	Page
Here and There in Europe	289
Through the Virginias	302
Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger." By W. J. J. Spry, R.N.	312
Newfoundland. By the Rev. Dr. Carman	320
Into and Through	329
The Aim of Preaching. By the Rev. J. C. Antliff, M.A., B.D.	330
Insanity of the Past. By Dr. Daniel Clark	339
London City Mission. By J. Suman Cooke	346
Christmas Evans, the Whitefield of Wild Wales. By the Rev. Henry Lewis	352
Whom He Loveth Chasteneth	367
Charles Wesley. X. By the Rev. S. B. Dunn	358
Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight. By the Rev. G. J. Bond, A.B.	365
Christ's Domain	367
The Higher Life	368
A Plea for Prohibition. By the Editor	371
Current Topics	375
Religious Intelligence	377
Book Notices	381

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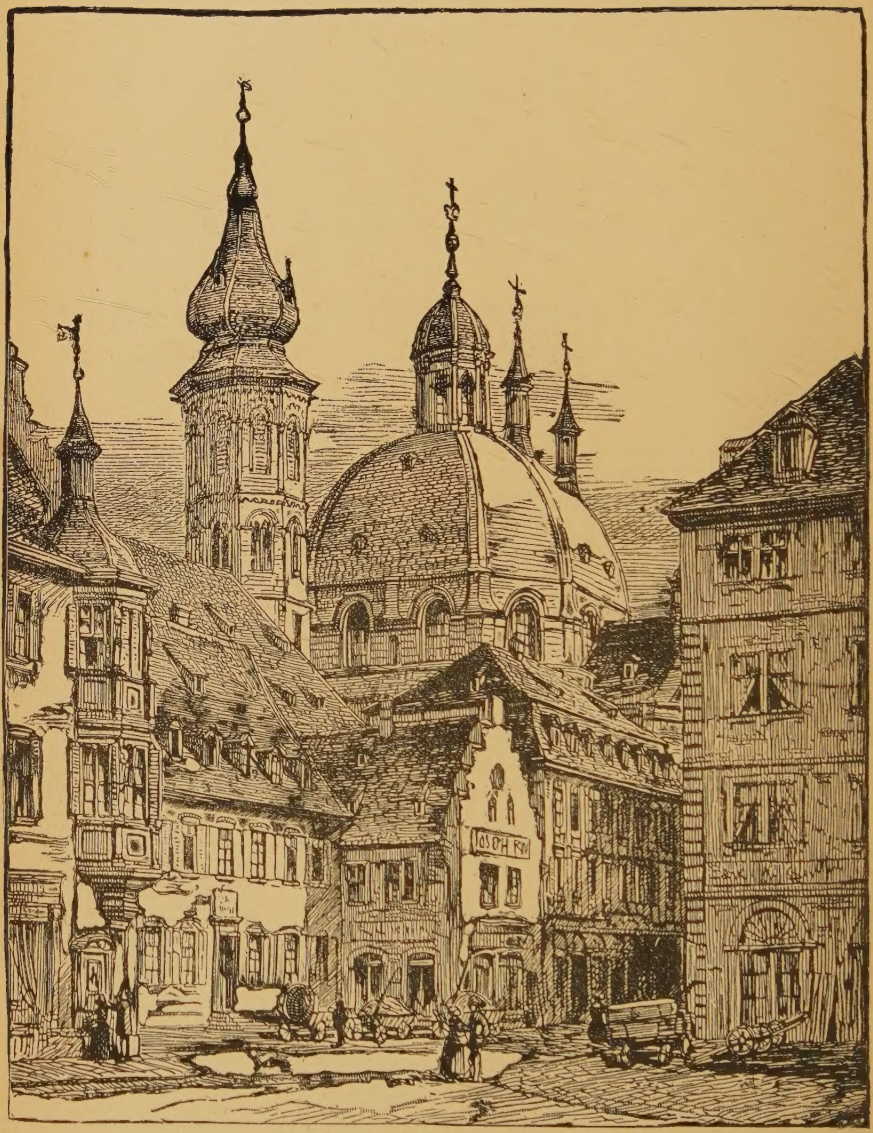


Wurzburg, Bavaria.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
OCTOBER, 1885.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

THIS paper is not designed to be a consecutive narrative, but to give brief views of some of the capitals and historic scenes of Europe. We begin with the noblest structure of the noblest city of the world.

The Houses of Parliament, or the new Palace of Westminster, are among the most famous buildings of London, or indeed of Christendom. They are located on the left bank of the Thames, between the river and Westminster Abbey, and immediately above the Westminster Bridge. They occupy the site of the old palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1835, and cover altogether an area of about eight acres. The buildings, erected at a cost of $3,000,000, are in the Tudor-Gothic style, and contain 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases, and two miles of corridors. Our illustration shows the very ornate and effective façade. The clock tower, 320 feet high, is at the north-east corner of the building, and strongly resembles the clock tower at Bruges, so well known through Longfellow's poem. The belfry is 40 feet square, and has dials on its four sides 30 feet in diameter, while those of St. Paul's are but 18 feet. The great Stephen bell, cast in 1858, weighs over eight tons, but is, unfortunately, defective in tone.

The House of Peers is located in the western portion of the building, and is 100 feet long and 45 in width and height. It is one of the most gorgeous legislative halls in the world, and contains the throne, a chair for the Prince of Wales, and the woolsack for the Lord Chancellor. The stained glass windows are lighted at night from outside.

The Queen's robing room, decorated with frescoes from the legend of King Arthur, faces the river, and is separated from the Victoria Tower by the Victoria Gallery and the Prince's Chamber. Since the gunpowder plot of 1605 a thorough examination of the cellars is made whenever the royal presence is expected. In the

WESTMINSTER PALACE, LONDON.

centre of the building, St. Stephen's Hall is built above the ancient crypt of St. Stephen, the only relic of the old palace, which has now been restored and is used as a chapel. The hall is of no noble proportions, containing twelve statues of illustrious statesmen, and separates the House of Peers from the Commons. This is located in the eastern portion of the building, and is much

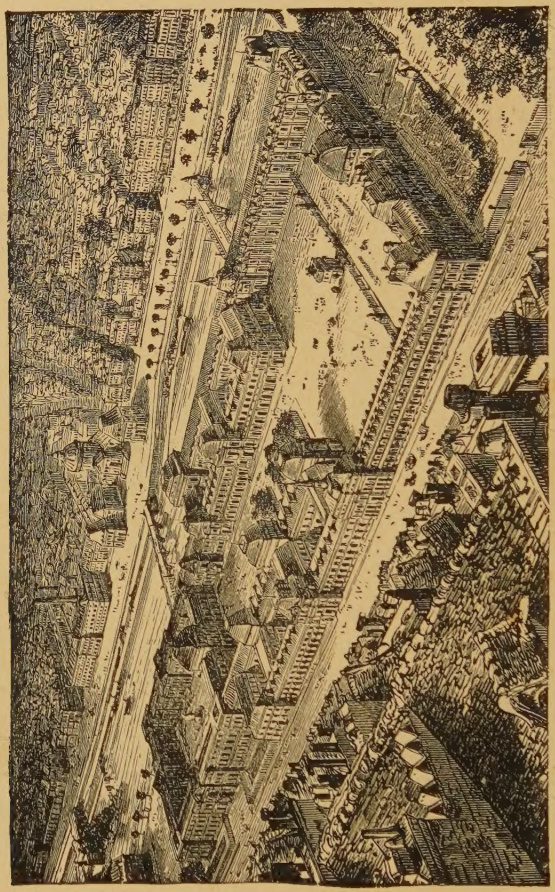
less ornate than the Upper House. It occupies the site of old St. Stephen's Hall, and is 60 feet long, with a height and width of 45 feet.

The foundation stone of this vast pile was laid April 27th, 1840. The chief architect was Mr. Barry. In spite, however, of the great expense and the many years consumed in their erection, the constructive features of the British Houses of Parliament are very unsatisfactory. The nation is forced to note, with considerable uneasiness, the decay of the outside stonework and the rapid deterioration of the interior frescoes of their legislative halls, and must give untiring attention for their preservation.

Let us cross the Channel to the brilliant pleasure-city, Paris. I was much struck with its brand-new appearance. Almost everything that is old has disappeared before the march of modern improvement. I was also struck with the monotony—a splendid monotony it is true—of its street architecture. Broad boulevards and streets radiate from numerous points, so, according to Baron Haussmann's design, I was informed, as to be commanded by cannon from these strategic points. On either side of these streets rise uniform blocks and wedges of houses, of cream-coloured stone,—five, six, or seven stories high, with iron balconies, and bright shop fronts. Many of the boulevards are lined with noble trees, giving a refreshing shade and coolness amid the glare and heat of the city. Many of them are also paved with concrete or asphalt, which has the double advantage of being noiseless and of furnishing poor material for the erection of barricades—the favourite amusement of the Parisians in times of political excitement.

The public squares, of which there are many, are full of life and movement and rich in colour, adorned with noble trees, flashing fountains, and snowy statuary, and filled with brilliant equipages and promenaders, with everywhere the ubiquitous gens d'armes. Of all the parks in the world I suppose the Champs Elysées is the grandest—not so much in natural beauty, for it shares the splendid monotony of the city, but in the stately architecture by which it is surrounded, the noble vista it presents, and the brilliant concourse by which it is thronged; and over all is thrown an intense historic interest by the tragic memories with which it is haunted. On its broad Place de la Concorde, the guillotine began its bloody work with the execution of Louis

XVI. Then in swift succession followed the judicial murders of his ill-fated and lovely queen Marie Antoinette, his sister Madame Elizabeth, and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orléans; and here, too, the arch-conspirator Robespierre with many of his companions in crime met a stern retribution. Nearly three



THE LOUVRE AND TUILERIES, PARIS.

thousand persons in all here became the victims of that tremendous social earthquake, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust, and shook all Europe with its throes. And here, within the last eight years, were renewed, in the wild orgies of the Commune, the darkest tragedies of the Reign of Terror.

The crumbling and crannied walls of the Tuileries, shown to-

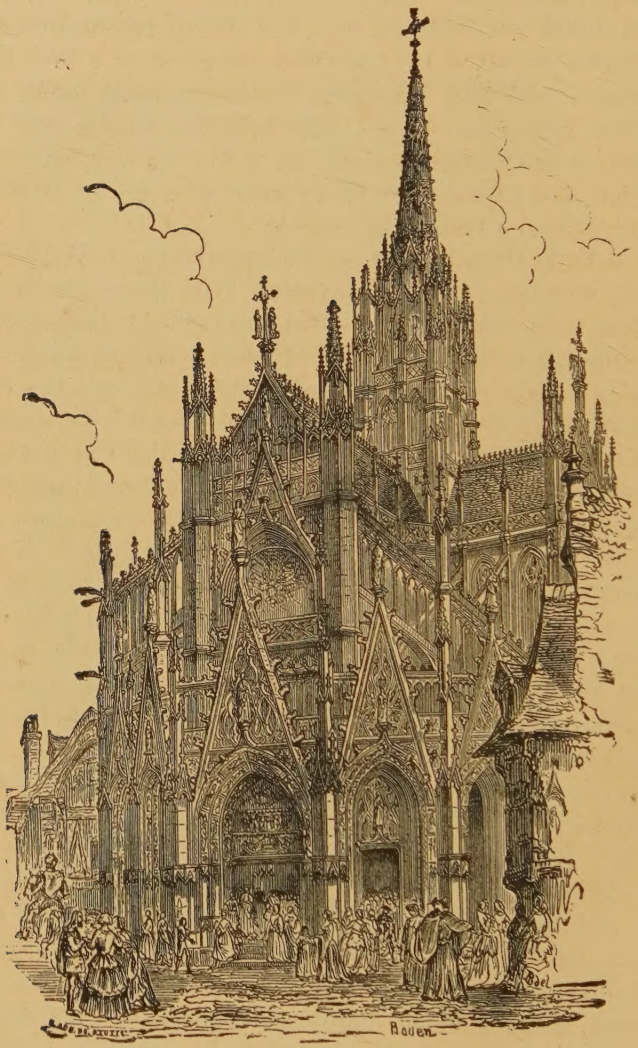
the right of our bird's-eye view, blackened and blasted with fire, the seat of the pomp and pride of the late Empire, look down upon the stately palace-garden, a striking proof of the mutability of earthly greatness. The Tuileries, however, even in their best estate, would not compare with the stately architecture of the Louvre, to the left of the engraving, the abode of a long line of sovereigns, and now the home of the immortal works of the mightier sovereigns of art. Its majestic façades with their sculptured and columned fronts, its noble statuary, its spacious courts, it vast galleries and its priceless treasures of art make it almost without a rival in the world.

If at Paris all seems new, at the neighbouring city of Rouen, on the contrary, almost everything and everybody, even the children, seem at least five hundred years old. It is like stepping back into the middle ages. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly carved and high-pitched gables, lean over the narrow crooked streets till they almost meet overhead. The Cathedral dates from 1207, and contains the tombs of Rollo of Normandy, and of our English William Longue Epée, and the heart of Cœur de Lion. The shrine of the latter bears the inscription, "Hic jacet cor Ricardi, Regis Anglorum, cor leonis dicti." It was in the dim twilight that I entered the church, and the deep shadows filling the vast and solemn nave and aisles, the tapers faintly burning before the various altars and shrines, the half-seen figures keeling in the gloom, all conspired to produce a strangely weird impression far more profound than that felt in the garish light of day.

The architectural gem of the city, however, is the Church of St. Maclou, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence. Its sculptured arch and niche and column; its great rose windows, stained with brightest hues; its carved effigies of saint and martyr, and of knights and kings and noble dames praying on their tombs; and the deep-toned organ peeling through the vaulted aisles, and the sweet singing of the choir-boys and chanting of the priests gave me my first impression of the grandeur and strange fascination to its adherents of the old historic Romish ritual, which for hundreds of years cast its spell over mediæval Christendom.

One can walk completely around the roof of the church and thus get a near view of the grinning gargoyles through which

the water is poured out. The monkish imagination seems to have run riot in carving quaint and grotesque devices—dragons, griffins, strange twi-formed creatures with the head of a goat or



CHURCH OF ST. MACLOU, ROUEN.

monkey or bird, and the body of a man, or *vice versa*, in every possible combination. Over the central door of many of these old churches are carved with admirable skill and infinite patience,

elaborate groups representing scenes from the life of Christ, and frequently the awful scene of the Last Judgment. At Notre Dame at Paris, for instance, Christ sits upon His throne, the Archangel sounds a trumpet, the dead burst from their tombs, and Satan is weighing their souls in a balance. Devils drive the lost to the left and torture them in flames, while angels lead the saved to the joys of Paradise. In the arch of a single door are no less than two hundred separate figures—one of them St. Denis, carrying his head in his hands—a symbol of the mode of his martyrdom.

In those early days art was religion, and the churches were a great stone Bible, often the only Bible the people had or could read. Over and over again is told the story of a man from his creation and fall to his final resurrection. But most frequently and most fully is rehearsed the story of the life and sufferings of our Lord, and of the seven joys and seven sorrows of Mary. I was not prepared, however, to find the presence of the comic element in this church decoration—the grinning and grimacing monkeys, the grotesque conflicts of saints and demons, in which the latter are sorely discomfited, and similar scenes.

Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, is one of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Its palaces and its seven hundred public buildings and its monuments are among the most imposing. It is the seat of the Imperial Court, and the old emperor, aged over eighty, is the most venerable figure. The principal street is called *Unter den Linden*,—"Under the Lindens," from the magnificence of these noble trees with which it is lined. It is another populous thoroughfare in one of the newer regions that is shown in our cut. It might almost be taken for a street in Liverpool or London or New York were it not for the German names on the signs. The bulletin kiosks on the sidewalk are a feature very common in Paris. The street railway is everywhere —in Rome, Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, and will, I suppose, be in Jerusalem soon.

Berlin is situated in the midst of a dreary plain of sand, and is a remarkable illustration of the recent growth of European cities. At the close of the Thirty Years' War its population was reduced to 6,000. It now numbers over a million. Since it became the capital of the whole German Empire, in 1871, it has greatly increased in size and importance. It has over forty

bridges over the River Spree, an affluent of the Elbe, on which it is situated; and some of its ancient gates are very imposing. It is the centre of the intellectual activity of Germany. The number of journals published in the city is 175, and the number

STREET IN BERLIN.

of books annually published is 1,500. The University has 175 professors—some of them among the most learned scholars in Europe—and nearly five thousand students.

In the beautiful cemetery are the graves of Humboldt, Fichte,

Hegel, Mendelssohn, Schliermacher, Neander, Teick, and others of high renown. The Jews, though only 30,000, are among the best educated and wealthiest class of the people—taking the lead in law, literature, art, journalism, finance and politics. Though nine-tenths of the population are Protestant, the moral status is very low. The Protestant Churches do not equal in number the fifty breweries. The poor are miserably housed—60,000 of them in wretched cellars. Socialism, Nihilism and Infidelity burrow among the discontented classes, and social immorality is awfully prevalent. The lesson is that neither art, science, nor literature, but the Gospel of Christ is the true salt that saveth a nation.

Vienna has a still larger population than Berlin, numbering considerably over a million; but it is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, the Protestants numbering only 25,000, and the Jews 45,000. The city is one of the most splendid capitals in Europe, abounding in stately architecture and magnificent squares and parks. The Ringstrasse is a noble circular boulevard, 186 feet wide, on the site of the ancient walls and fortifications, and lined with palatial public and private buildings. St. Stephen's Cathedral, with its fretted tower and spire rising 470 feet from the ground, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic in Europe. The University numbers 200 professors, with over 4,000 students. Its hospitals and schools of medicine and science are unsurpassed in the world, and its libraries, museums and art galleries are among the first in Europe. Its position on the Danube, in the midst of a fertile plain, 330 miles south-east of Berlin, is much finer than that of the latter city. Notwithstanding its literary, scientific and art eminence, it is morally in a still lower condition than its neighbour capital.

Our frontispiece gives a view in the quaint old Bavarian city of Wurzburg, capital of Lower Franconia. It is situated on the river Main, and abounds in quaint old German architecture. The queer bulbous cupolas, the crow-stepped gables, the odd-shaped roofs and dormers and the huge oriel window in the picture will attract the reader's attention. These, with the quaint costumes of the people, make a walk through the old Franconian capital seem like a page in some romance of the middle ages. Yet this little city—only half the size of Toronto—has its famous university, with fifty-eight professors and several other teachers, its 960 students, and its library of 100,000 volumes and 1,500 MSS.

But then Wurzburg dates from the sixth century and has been an Episcopal See for over a thousand years. By the time Toronto is thirteen hundred years old, it will doubtless have a finer university than Wurzburg has.

It is a "far cry" from Wurzburg to Delft-Haven; but with our seven-leagued boots we can reach it in a moment. And a queer, drowsy, sleepy-hollow sort of place it is when we do reach it. It seems to have stood still, while the rest of the world has moved

Street in Vienna.

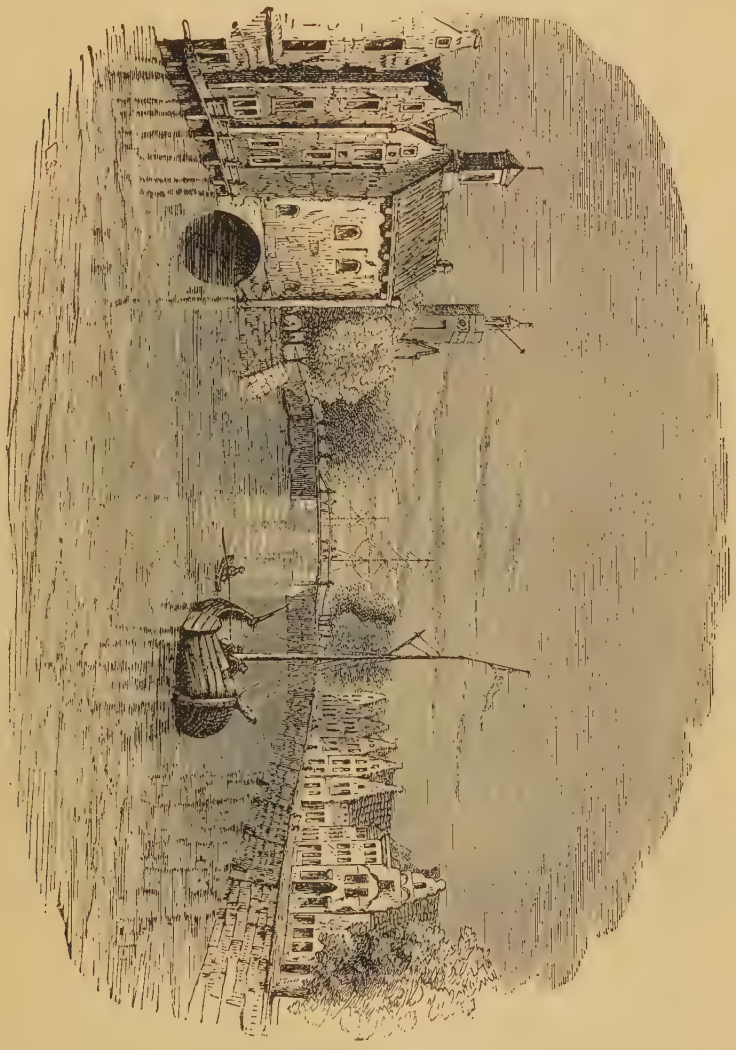
on, for the last three hundred years. The Dutch lugger in the old canal seems to have drifted out of the canvas of Walter Van de Velde, and might have belonged to the time of Van Tromp.

This amphibious country is well named Holland—the hollow land—

> A country that draws fifty feet of water:
> A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
> In which men do not live but go on board.

The view from the car windows, almost everywhere in Holland, embraces vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by

trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the *trekschuits* or "drawboats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses.

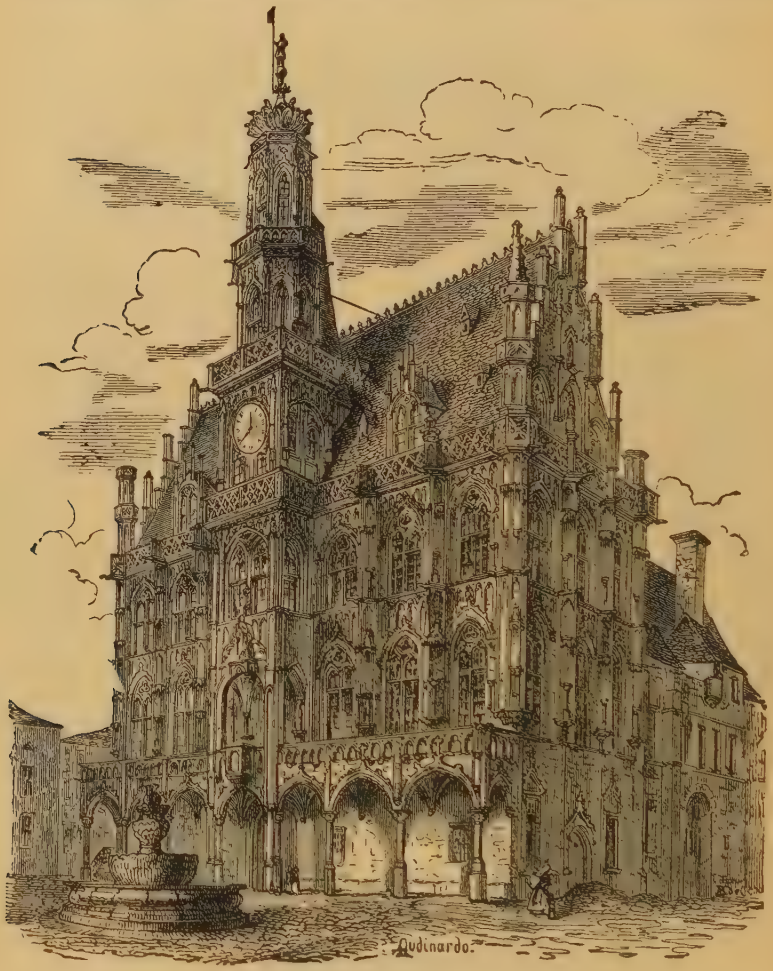


DELFT-HAVEN, HOLLAND

Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat.

From the quiet harbour of Delft-Haven the Pilgrim Fathers departed for New England's rock-bound coast, July 22nd, 1820.

In its Prinsenhof, or palace, William the Silent, the great Protestant hero, after many previous attempts, was foully assassinated by Baltazar Gérard, the tool of his mortal enemy, Philip



The Town Hall at Oudenarde.

II. of Spain. The marks on the staircase of the fatal bullet are still pointed out. In the Nieuwe Kerk—the *New* Kirk, though begun in 1412 and consecrated 1476—is the Prince's magnificent monument, and near it that of Van Tromp, the victor of thirty-two naval battles.

We pass next to the old Flemish town of Oudenarde, one of the most interesting towns of the ancient province of Hainault.

It is worth while stopping over a train if only to see the beautiful town hall, shown in our engraving—a fine example of late Gothic architecture, erected 1525-30. The whole front is fretted with graceful designs, but the numerous statuettes with which the niches were once filled have all disappeared. Here was born the famous Margaret of Parma, daughter of the Emperor Charles V.

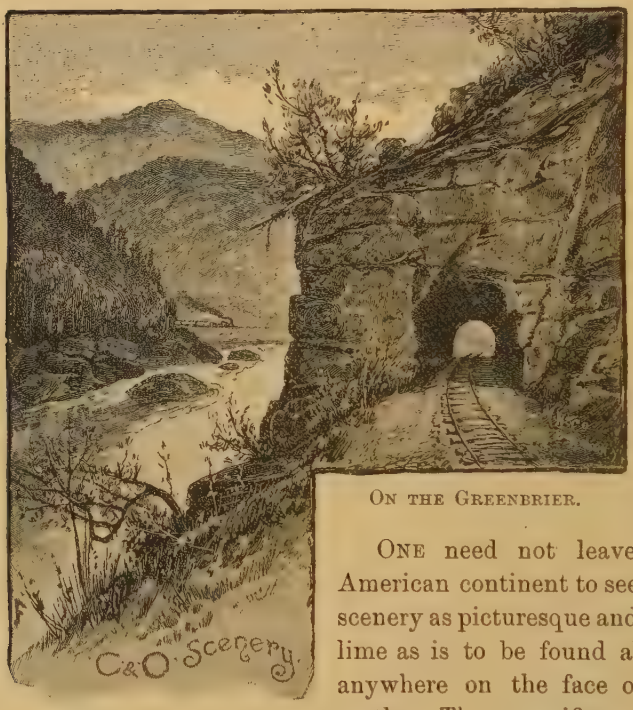
Our last picture gives a view of part of the historic castle of Wartburg in the Thuringian Forest. The chief memory that haunts the quaint old structure is that of Martin Luther, who

WARTBURG.

lay here in hiding for nearly a year; the timbered walls and oriel window, shown in the cut, are very picturesque. The centre of interest, writes our friend Frank H. Wallace, B.D., who personally visited the place, is the little room where Luther lived as "Junker Georg." In this room, by translating the New Testament into the German tongue, he gave the Gospel wings on which to fly through Central Europe. On the wall are seen the marks where the stalwart monk hurled his ink-horn at the devil, who appeared and forbade the completion of his sacred task. It was at once a symbol and prophecy. The devil has ever since hated, worse than holy water, printer's ink and Biblical scholarship.

THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS.

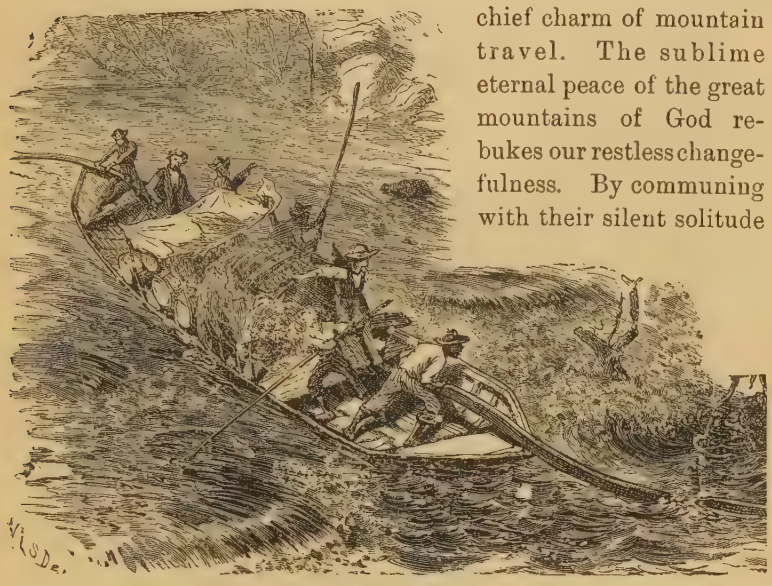
II.



On the Greenbrier.

One need not leave the American continent to seek for scenery as picturesque and sublime as is to be found almost anywhere on the face of the earth. The magnificent canyons of the Frazer River and the Rocky Mountains, in the western portions of our own Dominion; the wonders of the Yosemite, unrivalled by any Swiss valley; and the mountain regions of the Alleghanies, present combinations of the sublime and beautiful not to be anywhere surpassed. The sequestered byways of mountain travel in Virginia have not yet been so invaded by the fashionable world as to be deprived of their character of primitive simplicity. It is quite a grateful relief from the rush and crush, the heat and hurry of life near the great commercial centres, to see and share the easy-going *nonchalance* of rural life in the western highlands of the Old Dominion. The slow ox or mule-cart creaks along its winding way with a deliberation that forbids

all thought of excitement or worry. The occasional passage of a railway train seems an almost discordant incident in the quiet of the scene. But the air of repose which invests the grass-grown precints of the railway station neutralizes the effect of the infrequent rush and scream of the trains. The all-pervading calm and quiet is an admirable sedative to jaded and exhausted nerve and brain.



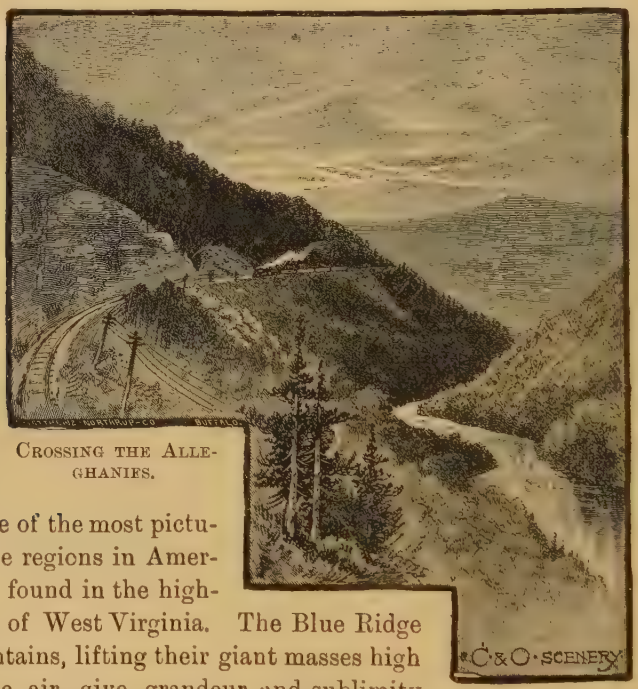
Running New River Rapids.

This is, we think, the chief charm of mountain travel. The sublime eternal peace of the great mountains of God rebukes our restlessness changefulness. By communing with their silent solitude our spirits are chastened and subdued, life's fevered pulse beats more calmly, and our individual littleness, amid the vastness of creation, suggests thoughts of lowliness and self-depreciation.

A striking characteristic of this mountain region of Virginia is the swiftness of its river currents and the dangerous navigation of its waters. The skill, however, with which the negro boatmen will steer their fragile market boats, by means of strong sweeps at bow and stern, down the arrowy rapids, can be paralleled only by the consummate canoe-craft of our own Canadian Indians.

An important business of the country is the rafting of timber from the vast forests of the interior to the great lumber marts of the East. The raftsmen are a bold, adventurous set of fellows, whose feats of balancing, as they shoot down a rapid on a log

rapidly revolving beneath them, put to shame the exploits of the professional gymnast or acrobat. On account of their wandering life and remoteness from the centres of religious influence, comparatively little has been done for the spiritual welfare of these hard-handed sons of toil. While possessing many generous and noble traits of character, they are, in too many instances, addicted to habits of intemperance and of profanity.

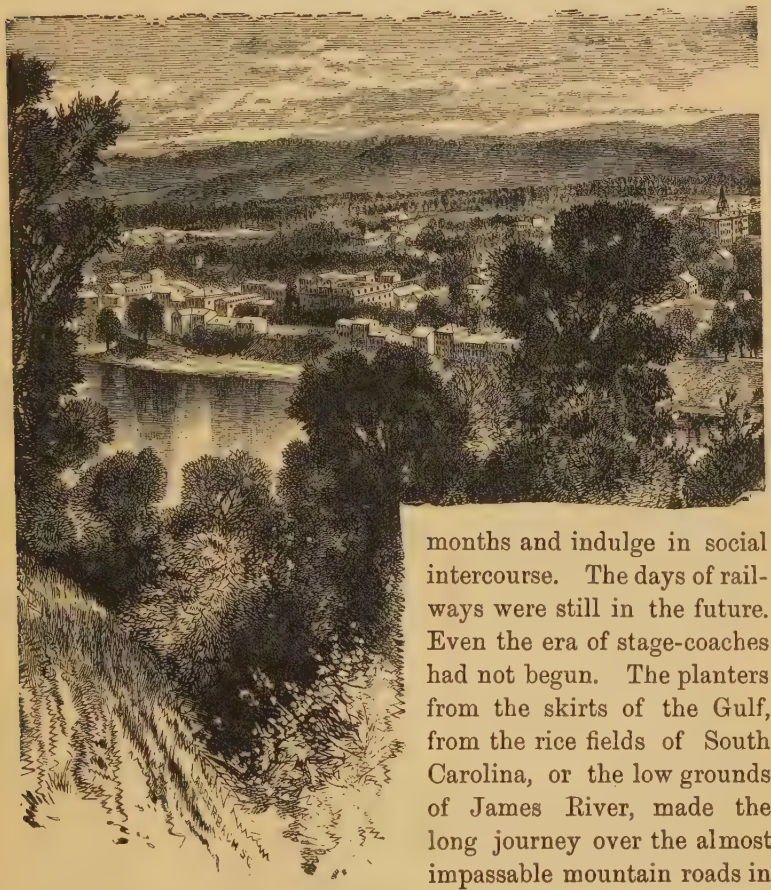


CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

One of the most picturesque regions in America is found in the highlands of West Virginia. The Blue Ridge Mountains, lifting their giant masses high in the air, give grandeur and sublimity to the scenery; and the beautiful valleys of the Greenbrier, Kanawha, and New River, give to many parts a softened aspect of idylic loveliness. Moreover, nestling in the valleys are a score or more of the most celebrated sanatory resorts in the world, clustering around the famous healing springs, which, bursting from the bosom of the earth, contain the wonderful curative agencies which Nature elaborates from her subterranean and secret alembics.

Long before the time of railways it had come to be known throughout the South that a true El Dorado or fountain of health and youth bubbled up in the Virginia mountains. and visitors

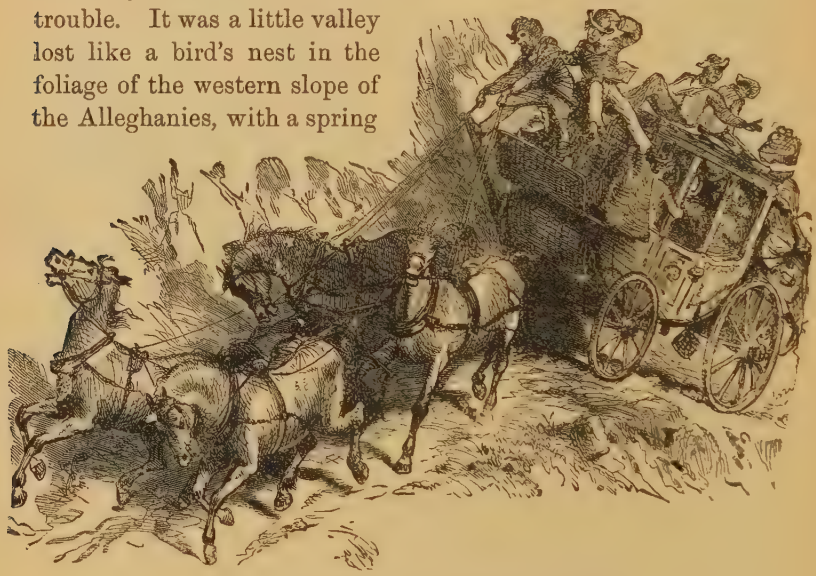
came to it every summer from far and near. The owners of thousands of acres of rice and cotton land, and hundreds of dusky Africans, from South Carolina, Louisiana, and the whole range of States touched by the heat of the tropics—wealthy old "nabobs," elegant pleasure-loving country gentlemen, and citizens of Baltimore—all come to the "White" to spend the summer



CHARLESTON, THE CAPITAL OF WEST VIRGINIA.

months and indulge in social intercourse. The days of railways were still in the future. Even the era of stage-coaches had not begun. The planters from the skirts of the Gulf, from the rice fields of South Carolina, or the low grounds of James River, made the long journey over the almost impassable mountain roads in their private carriages. These ancient vehicles lumbered along, drawn by six horses, and driven by their portly black Jehus, as important in their bearing as their masters, while the trunks containing the wardrobes of the ladies—heavy and capacious, if not so monstrous as the "Saratoga trunk" of our own

times—followed in waggons. Led horses for relays or the pleasure of riding at the watering-place came on under charge of servants, of whom many accompanied the march; for the planters were persons of large means, and stinted themselves in nothing. And so the little cavalcade struggled along, wound over the mountain, pierced the forest, and came to the desired haven after a journey like that of emigrants across the Western plains. What the old planters toiled thus to reach, seemed quite unworthy of so much time and trouble. It was a little valley lost like a bird's nest in the foliage of the western slope of the Alleghanies, with a spring



Mountain Travel in the Olden Time.

bubbling up under some oaks and maples, blue mountains around, a fresh stream near, and a cluster of log-cabins, suitable, one might have said, for the unkempt rustics and huntsmen of the region, but quite absurd if regarded as the dwelling-place for months of some of the most refined and luxurious society of the South. And yet these men and women, accustomed to every comfort, and living lives lapped in down, were quite content with the "split-bottomed" chairs, the plain beds, the pine tables, and the rustic routine of the spot. It offered them, indeed—much more than their fine home mansions could supply—health and vigour for their heat-enervated frames.

In due time came the "stage," and with this great invention

the Springs leaped forward wondrously. This old Virginia stage was as delightfully characteristic as its English counterpart. It was solid and excellent in construction, and was drawn by four or six horses. Its motions, however, were so like those of a ship at sea, that its more delicate occupants not unfrequently became, as they phrased it, "sea-sick," from its oscillations. Now, however, by the construction of the great trunk line

A Virginia Forest.

traversing the entire breadth of Virginia, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, the traveller may, without fatigue, penetrate to the very heart of this mountain region, and behold its wondrous revelations of the sublime and beautiful.

One of the best points of departure for the exploration of this Switzerland of America is the beautiful city of Charleston, shown on page 305. It is the commercial centre of the Kanawha Valley; and, by a recent vote of the State, it is to be the capital of West Virginia. It is a well-built city of about 4,500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Kanawha, at its confluence with the Elk River.

The scenery of the New River Valley continues to grow rougher and more wildly picturesque, as the railroad penetrates its lower passes; and very plainly shows indications of the powerful forces, erosive or otherwise, which cut or wore this valley so deeply. For twenty miles there is not a strip of arable land in the valley, and at points the cliffs are perpendicular from the river edge. Here the scenery is wild indeed. Such slopes as these are generally covered with boulders, some of immense size; and along these slopes and under frowning cliffs the railroad gropes its way under their shadow. The passenger looks up-

Cottages at White Sulphur Springs.

ward a thousand feet or more as the train sweeps a graceful curve around some concave bend, and sees the beetling cliffs of many-coloured sandstone, looking with their great angles like gigantic castles and fortresses erected by nature to guard these her penetralia.

At Hawk's Nest, a wildly picturesque spot, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad crosses New River on a fine iron bridge, six hundred and sixty-nine feet in length, and of engineering interest from the successful foundations for its masonry, which were secured on the boulders in the bed of the torrent. The Hawk's-nest Cliffs, six hundred feet vertically above the railroad, and

on the crest of which passes the old James River and Kanawha turnpike, have long been points of note to the tourist. From this point to the Kanawha Falls, are some of the most beautiful views and striking scenery of this region. The railroad location is here especially bold, and will arrest the attention of experts for its thorough study and skill.

The picturesque and graceful views of the Greenbrier Valley gradually change to scenery of bolder and rougher characteristics; and lower down the New River gorge to the wild grandeur of the canyons.

New River Falls.

Seven miles west of Hinton it suddenly plunges over the New River Falls. For a river of this width, the word "cascade" is certainly a misnomer. Yet with a vertical fall of but twenty-four feet, the more pretentious word "cataract" magnifies. Words aside, this water-fall is most pleasingly remembered among the charmingly beautiful views of this favoured and much admired route for the tourist; and no less, before railroad times, by the genial followers of old Izaak Walton.

There are also many objects of scientific interest to the geologist in this picturesque region. One of these, a huge boulder, known as Anvil Rock, we illustrate in the adjoining cut. Its immense size will be noted by a comparison with the figures in the boat at its side.

The State of Virginia, the first of the British colonies in the

New World, experienced, perhaps, almost more than any other of the States of the Union, the bitterness of the curse of slavery. This deadly wrong was an inheritance from the old colonial days, and was planted in her virgin soil by English hands. The perversion of the public conscience, the depravation of morals, degradation of labour, and the long train of evils that sprang therefrom, was the inevitable fruit of this bitter root. Yet there were not wanting those whose moral sense revolted from the crime of human slavery, and in spite of social obloquy and civil disabilities, washed their hands of its ensanguined stain. One such gentle heroine, who had enfranchised all her slaves and devoted her life to self-denying toil for the education and elevation of the oppressed race, is thus commemorated by Longfellow in his fine poem, entitled "The good part that shall not be taken away:"

Anvil Rock, Greenbrier River.

She dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,

She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

Point of Rocks.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence these treasures are supplied.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

X.

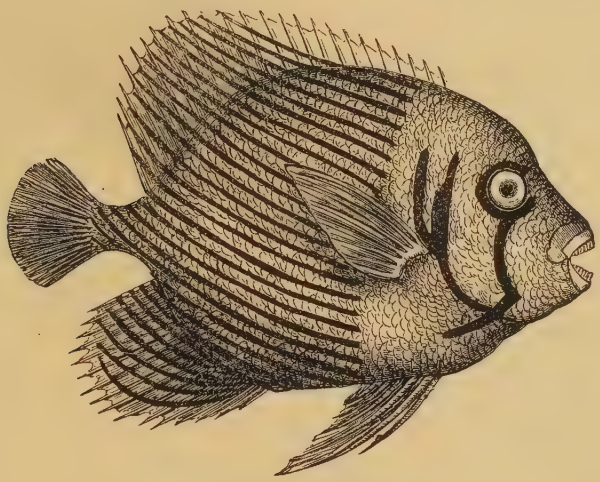
WOMEN ON HORSEBACK, HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

JUNE 16th.—This morning terminated our stay in Japanese waters. At noon all was ready, and soon after we were steaming out from the anchorage, the weather bright and clear, and everything promising a pleasant and speedy run to the Sandwich Islands.

The principal occurrence of the voyage was the passage of the meridian of 180°, which took place at noon on the 3rd July; and we now entered on west longitude. Accordingly a day had to be "dropped" out of our reckoning, and Sunday, 4th July, was continued for two days, so as to prevent our returning to England with our log and journal one day ahead of the calendar. It requires but little explanation as to the necessity of this alteration However, while on this topic, I may refer to the dismay of the early Catholic navigators when they found that they had been keeping irregular fast-days. Thus, when Magalhæns made his first voyage round the world (September 1519 to July 1522), he

found on his return, that he was a day behind his countrymen, having sailed from east to west round Cape Horn. The idea of having lost a day of their lives puzzled them very much, but what disquieted the minds of these pious navigators still more was the fact that they had been observing their saints' days erroneously, and had actually eaten meat when they ought to have fasted.

July 27th.—This morning land was reported, and in the clear atmosphere could be seen a group of grey barren peaks, rising verdureless out of the quiet, lonely sea. Everybody was soon on deck to have a look at the land. The sight was indeed a wel-

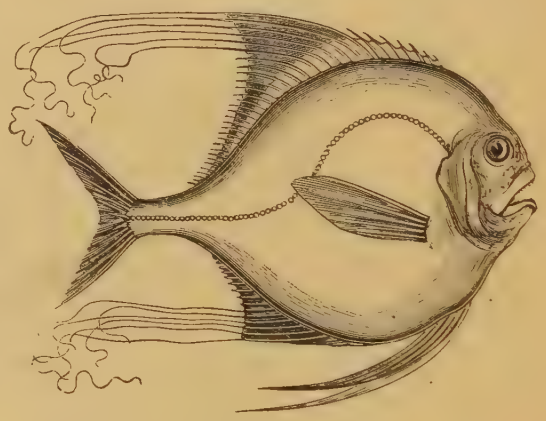


CHALCEDON IMPERATOR.

come one after the 4,500 miles of watery solitude. The surf ran high as we passed through the narrow channel and entered the quiet and placid haven of rest, where we anchored very near the shore. We were speedily surrounded with boats and canoes, with enterprising tradesmen for orders, or natives for the washing.

All along the shore were the neat wood and grass-houses and huts of the natives, and away in either direction was the city of Honolulu, hidden behind palms, bread-fruit, bananas, and other trees, with the public buildings and church spires just showing above all. The city is built on a narrow strip of land very little above the level of the sea, and at the foot of a number of volcanic hills, which rise almost perpendicularly behind, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool, chasm-like valleys.

The streets and avenues are shaded with palms, bread-fruit, and other pleasant trees. The retail stores are owned principally by Americans and Chinese, and a very fair amount of business appears to be done. There are ice manufactories, foundries, and factories; a steam laundry employing about thirty hands, and capable of turning out forty to fifty thousand pieces in a week. There are half a dozen newspapers published. There are free libraries and reading-rooms, fire-engine companies, Masonic, Odd Fellows', and Good Templars' lodges, theatres, and other amusements, so as to keep pace with the times. His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakua is a monarchial ruler, with a paraphernalia of sovereignty as imposing in design, if not in execution, as that of Great Britain itself. There are two qualifications necessary to enable a man to vote for a member of Parliament here—he must be able to read and write, and have an income of 75 dollars a year.

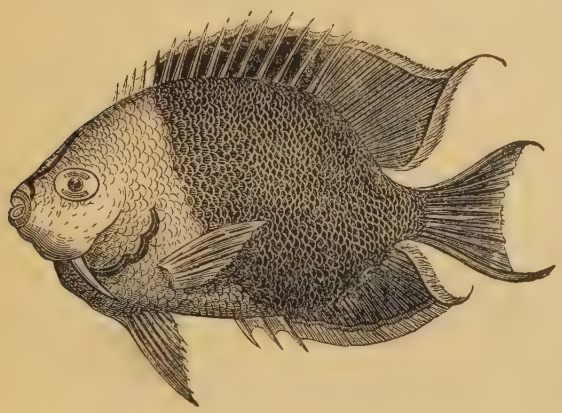


ZEUS CILIARIS.

Soon after anchoring, opportunities were afforded for a run on shore, and a great crowd was assembled on the landing to give us a hearty welcome. Men and women of a rich brown colour, with long, wavy, black hair and large brown lustrous eyes, all seeming happy, talking, laughing, and smiling. During our stay it was a daily treat to stroll along the shady streets, and out through the pleasant roads, particularly on Saturdays, which seemed a sort of gala day, when the roads were usually thronged with natives of both sexes on horseback, riding up and down at full gallop, and seeming perfectly at home in the saddle—the women even more so than the men: they sit astride barefooted, with their bright-coloured riding-dresses, like banners, streaming behind them; all

apparently happy and reckless: their bright eyes flashing, their long black hair, encircled with garlands and wreaths of flowers —making a gay and graceful spectacle. The men looked hardly less attractive, for they had wreaths of bright flowers round their hats, and garlands around their throats.

One of the sights of Honolulu is the fish-market, and there we were escorted one Saturday afternoon. There were numberless varieties of blue, red, and yellow fish, spotted and banded, and striped in the most striking manner. Here, strolling about making purchases, we saw a laughing, joking crowd of men and women; the latter clad in a single bright-coloured or white garment, falling free and in unconfined folds from the shoulder to the feet, while all wore wreaths of gorgeous flowers round their jaunty hats. The men, with their cheerful smiling faces and friendly greetings, added greatly to the animation of the scene.



Chætodon Tricolor.

Of public buildings, the new Legislative Assembly Chambers rank first; they form an extensive pile of buildings of the most modern style, from plans prepared by a Sydney architect, at a cost of $120,000. The churches claim our attention, and Sunday proved a most pleasant day. Church-bells rang, and the streets and roads were filled by the people in their holiday attire. At least three of the great denominations work side by side. The Church of England has had a Bishop here since 1862. The cut-stone cathedral, brought all the way from England by Bishop Staley, is still the work of the future. The foundations were laid some years ago by the late king, but the superstructure lies packed in cases within the church inclosure. The funds being exhausted, the chance of erection is somewhat remote. There

are two native churches; one of which is a large structure, built of coral stone, fitted up with modern pews and carpeted floors: it boasts of a trained choir and an organ of superior construction, with a Sunday-school building at one end.

Aug. 11*th.*—This morning all was ready, and with much regret we left the hospitable shores of Oahu, and steamed out through the passage of the coral reefs. After three days of squally, boisterous weather, land was again in sight; and as we neared it, we could see a pretty coast-line of grey cliff, many hundred feet in height, draped with green. We pass on, catching glimpses

NATIVE BAMBOO HOUSE, TAHITI, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

of native churches, villages, and sugar plantations, their bright green vegetation looking most charming.

Aug. 14*th.*—Hilo looks very pretty from the anchorage; its bay is said to be one of the most beautiful in the Pacific. Near the landing-place three church spires are prominently seen. The native dwellings have a cool and prepossessing appearance, with their deep-thatched roofs, fantastically latticed and screened with gorgeous trailers of jessamine, clematis, and the gorgeous passion-flower.

The principal object of our visit to Hilo was that opportunities might be afforded to those who desired to visit the celebrated Crater of Kilauea. A day or two after our arrival horses and

guides were provided, and a large party started to do the thirty miles of rough road leading to the shrine of "Pele," the home of the dreaded goddess of volcanoes. The whole track is a perpetual upward scramble, rough and rugged in the extreme; for

THE ISLAND OF TAHITI.

though the ascent is gradual, so that it is only by the increasing coldness of the atmosphere that the elevation is detected, it is really a rise of 4,000 feet. All at once, on emerging from a dense forest, a glare, brighter and redder than from any furnace, suddenly brightened up the whole sky. The heavens became

brilliant, and when the Volcano House (a small hotel) was reached, clouds of red vapour, mixed with flame, were curling

TAMARIND TREE AT POINT VENUS, TAHITI, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

ceaselessly out of a large invisible pit of darkness, and Kilauea was in all its fiery glory: we had reached the crater of the largest volcano in the world. The abyss, which is at a height of 4,000 feet, on the side of Mauna Loa, has the appearance of a

large pit, which is estimated to be nine miles in circumference. After an hour of very difficult climbing and scrambling, the lowest level of the crater was reached. My highest expectations were more than realized, and I can hardly find words suitable to describe my sensations after seeing such a spectacle. All was confusion and commotion; for the lava, like molten metal, broke with a surging noise on the craggy cliffs, cooling as it fell over the edge, where it hung in festoons. With all this, I noticed but little smoke or vapour, and what there was seemed carried away by a light breeze.

Kilauea never overflows its vast crater, but appears to burst a passage for its lava through the mountain-side when relief is necessary, and then the destruction is usually fearful. Fortunately this seldom occurs, for it is many years ago that so great an eruption took place: then it sent a broad river of fire careening to the sea, sweeping away forests, huts, plantations, and everything else that lay in its path.

On the 19th of August we steamed out clear of the land on a southerly course, and ere night-fall the coast of Hawaii had faded from our sight.

The run of 2,400 miles to Tahiti (Society Islands) was of a very dull and monotonous character. Of all the islands of the vast Pacific, there is none which has attracted the attention of the civilized world in the same degree as that in whose harbour we anchored. At first, it was from the pleasing description given by Captain Cook of his stay here; then the events connected with the mutiny of the *Bounty*.

The streets of an evening, the lighted shops and stores surrounded by the beautiful trees and gaily dressed girls, the rollicking "blue-jackets" from the two French war-ships in port and from the *Challenger*, the universal good-humour of every one, made a very novel, picturesque, and pleasing scene.

The prospect, look where one would, was exceedingly pretty. Wherever there was a break in the glorious tropical foliage could be seen either precipitous mountains, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool gorges, or the fine sweep of the ocean, a brilliant, transparent blue, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy surf dashing against the reefs.

NEWFOUNDLAND

FROM SHIP AND RAIL CAR.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

II.

THE orignal design concerning the railway, that gave us the ride of the former paper, was that it should proceed from Holyrood, at the head of Conception Bay, over 200 miles north-west, touching the several bay heads to the copper district at Bett's Cove and Tilt Cove, on Notre Dame Bay ; thus forming a Grand Trunk line for Newfoundland from which branches could be run out into the interior or on either side or both sides of the several bays passed. But the failure of the copper and the immense engineering difficulties of the enterprise seem to have broken its back, so there is not at present much prospect of doing more in railway matters than in encompassing Conception Bay. As early as the year 1500, three years after the discovery of the Island by the Cabots, this bay was the scene of the fishery activity and exploration ; the Portuguese navigator, Cortereal, having then for the first time entered and named it and made his landing at Portugal Cove on the southern shore. On its northern shore an English company, the chief of which was Lord Bacon, founded a settlement at Mosquito Bay, near Harbour Grace, under letters patent issued by James I. to Guy, mayor of Bristol. And here at Harbour Grace and Carbonear in 1765, Laurence Coughlan, one of John Wesley's preachers, ordained by the Bishop of London, first erected the standard of Methodism on the Island ; amid opposition and bitter persecution sowed the seed that has had so abundant fruitage, and began the work that to-day is moving on more gloriously than ever before in its history. Thus the historic associations of this bay are not less interesting than its marvellous natural scenery. As we had come forward to Carbonear by rail, and the Sabbath labours being over, we returned by the same route to St. Johns on Monday ; and that evening delivered a lecture in the splendid hall of the Athenæum of that city in behalf of the funds of the newly-projected Methodist Academy.

Tuesday morning, favoured with the brotherly and effective

guidance of the Rev. G. J. Bond, M.A., the very genial and popular President of the Conference, and with the companionship of several of the brethren returning from Conference to their fields northward, we were on board ship for the northerly bays and a look at our Church work along their shores. Our steamer, the *Plover*, of composite build, that is, both of iron and wood for contending with the ice, and her sister ship, the *Curlew*, leave St. Johns in alternate weeks fortnightly under the direction of the Government carrying the mails and passengers, the former northward, the latter westward along the southern shore to one or two distributing points in each of the bays; by which means the entire population of the Island can be reached regularly at least once a month; and taking into account the constant coming and going of sailing craft, bankers, fishing schooners, and traders, are reached much more expeditiously and frequently. Yet any one can see how slow this is for correspondence, and how unfavourable to the circulation of newspapers. The regulation is that the steamer must remain in each port two hours at the option of the postmaster; that the business men might receive their mail and forward by the same advancing post any business requiring attention further on. And to the pleasure traveller, or sea-sick voyager, commercial drummer, or an active Methodist preacher, this hour and a half or two hours' halt is neither unpleasant nor unprofitable We could hold a service or visit a school, or call on several families, and then hasten on our way with joy. Our good brother Bond (no mean artist by the way) had with him his camera and photographic apparatus to take an iceberg from the deck or a desirable view from the shore, which new apostolic grace he exercised as opportunity presented itself.

The fact that our brethren were but now getting home from Conference discloses some of their disadvantages. Off the railway route of travel they are compelled often, to reach Conference at all, to come a week or two too early for it, and then to remain a week or two after it is over. This in Ontario would appear like a serious piece of business; but as matters are there, one thing is about as rapid as the other, so that nobody, except it be the Devil, is running off very much with possessions and interests during the preacher's absence. And I think the general impression in Newfoundland is, that his Satanic majesty is about as expeditious, expert, vigorous and successful in his movements

there as anywhere else. They are up to the times in this respect anyhow. He has some way of getting round the bays and into the coves that beats even the Methodist preachers. But when they are on the spot in hand to hand grapple, by the power of their Christ given them they secure some grand victories. One of our brethren who had not the advantage of any of the regular routes of travel, but was compelled to "chance" it to Conference, reached St. Johns the day Conference was closing. Another brother, Newman, on the Labrador Coast, could not reach Conference at all; as the steamer had not begun her trips for the year so far north. For the same reason I was unable to visit that field. These men are cut off from intercourse with their brethren for six months and often a year at a time; and so have immense difficulties and unspeakable hardships and privations in the prosecution of the work. Socially, ecclesiastically, intellectually, fraternally, it is banishment for Christ's and the kingdom of heaven's sake. Think of seclusion among the Esquimaux during the long and dreary winter that this benighted people might see the great light of life. Especially is the case difficult with young men; and these fields are often occupied by the young men; for where is the support or way of living for a married man and family? Such probationers are of course deprived of counsel; and have no easy task in securing their libraries and their examinations. It costs such labourers a nice penny and a queer bit of time to reach a Conference or a District Meeting; and it occurred to me some of them might like, once in a great while, to see something like an old-fashioned Presiding Elder, that could bring to their missions counsel, and Conference, and examinations, and experience, and news from the rest of the brethren and the work at large, and the sage discipline, and the venerated authority, and the Connexional spirit and enterprise, and the Divine revival fire and power. One man in such circumstances can reach fifty on their widely-separated fields more easily than fifty can gather into one place; and once in a while there is a probationer, especially if he is in charge; and once in a great while even a minister in such work, who would be benefited by such help, to say nothing of the field and the people.

Indeed, I scarcely see how our Newfoundland brethren would maintain a vigorous connexionalism, and urge on successful evangelism but for the partial substitute for that kind of help

afforded them by the peculiarities of their educational work. Their school system is largely their connexional board. And the services of the Rev. Dr. Milligan, their Superintendent of Education on all the circuits—for each church has its own schools and its own supervision of schools—who is at once a scholar, an active Christian, and a true and faithful Methodist, provide a fair compensation for many of the deficiencies spoken of, and wonderfully help all the preachers in spirit and in work, but more especially the younger men in their difficulties and their study. His visits also bring them a joyous companionship, a broader intelligence and a grander inspiration.

But we have written much of our wooden-iron ship, reminding one of the chrys-elephantine, gold-ivory, construction of ancient statuary ; and of our ship's company, and yet not all that company—and still we are not out of the harbour of St. Johns. Let us cast off and set sail. In fifteen minutes we have passed out the narrow gateway betwixt the lofty pillars of rock and are out upon the broad Atlantic. Besides those already spoken of, we have on board the Church of England Superintendent of Education, and some of their probationers or novitiates, and the usual company of traders, agents, commercial travellers, artisans, mechanics, fishermen, men and women. The day is fine, and all bids fair enough for a pleasant voyage. Our course is first north along the eastern side of the tongue of land that bounds Conception Bay on the east to Cape St. Francis, its extreme front ; then across the mouth of Conception Bay, past Baccalieu Island, around the head of the longer tongue on the western side of the same bay turning south-west to Old Perlican, our first call, which place we reached about four p.m., after six hours' sail; then north-west across Trinity Bay to Trinity by half-past seven p.m.; then north-east along the shore of Trinity Bay by night to Catalina ; then rounding Cape Bonavista south-west again to Bonavista, where we were at daylight ; then west in Bonavista Bay to King's Cove, whence north to Greenspond by eleven a.m. ; then north-west by eight p.m. to Hamilton Inlet and Fogo Island ; by midnight to Fogo at its northern extremity ; then north-west to Twillingate by six a.m., where the President and myself remained; while the *Plover* went on north to Tilt Cove and returned. This gave us a stay of two days at Twillingate, when our southward route back on the same track, calling at the same places, brought us back to

St. Johns Sabbath evening, the journey having been accomplished in six days.

As soon we were outside St. Johns Harbour, we came in view of icebergs; and the number and size of them increased as we proceeded northward. They make the voyage interesting and romantic, but when fogs and storms are on they render it also alarmingly dangerous. Of all sizes and forms; hills and mountains, cottages and castles, churches and cathedrals, fields and forts, terraces and towers, scattered over the sea far as the eye can range or glass can scan; with their varied hues from deepest blue and green to dazzling, glittering white; there they are a marvel in peerless majesty; a study in overwhelming splendour; a tremendous energy in exquisite beauty and transcendent glory. A combination of contradictions, they perplex and stimulate the understanding, and arouse and elevate the soul. Weak as water and constantly dissolving, they carry upon their heights fresh water lakes through salt water seas, and hold in their grip huge boulders and loads of rock that would sink any ship afloat. Made of spray and snow-flakes they plough great furrows in the rocky bed of the ocean, and pile up hills and mountains on the submarine slopes of the continents from the masses of earth and stone they lift from the shores on which they are built by the Titanic forces of earth and sky and sea.

One of several we saw as we entered Trinity Bay was a prodigious floating tower at the front of a broad and lofty plateau, the plateau containing three or four acres and the tower rising to the height of over one hundred feet. When it is remembered that there is at least four times as much under water as above it, some idea may be formed of the enormous mass that moves so steadily and majestically through the fiercest winds and stormiest waters. Why should it rock or sway or reel or tremble with its roots a hundred fathoms in the deep, and its broad base and buttressed sides of acres down in the motionless abysses of the ocean? The surface heavings of the main may toss the *Great Eastern* as a sport of the waters and men may shiver and grow pale with fear, but the waves and storm dash upon these huge icebergs as they do upon the unmoved shores of the continent. Still, as they move southward into the warmer currents they gradually fail; and when they come into shallower places and ground they explode with a fearful noise, and now fast at the base are beaten

to pieces by the waters. Another was seen made of two mountain-height towers, connected at their tops by a magnificent arch, under which and between the towers a ship might easily sail. The keeper of the Twillingate light informed us that he had recently written to the Department that two hundred bergs were in view from his lookout at the time of writing.

The formation of these mountains and fields of ice in all their vastness and variety, and their dislodgment from their firm fastenings on the rock-bound coast are subjects of interest and inquiry. How are they made? Where do they come from? How do these monstrous masses get afloat upon the sea? But what is the use of asking questions? With the forces at work how could it be different? What else could you have? It is not much trouble for the storms in the Northern Ocean to make an avalanche, an icefield, or an iceberg. How otherwise could they put in their time? It would puzzle the sunny brook winding through the flowery mead, rippling over the pebbly bed, to build up one of these castles or towers and heave it off the land about as much as it would tax some young ladies to cook a dinner or make a coat. But set the grim giants of the Arctic realm at work. Let Neptune lift up his head, and Boreas thunder forth from his caves; let Woden and Thor and gods of whom quiet Italy and placid Greece never heard, mingle sea and earth and air in wild commotion, in high revel of torrent and tempest, strong and towering wave, and they will serve up a dish to the Olympian Jove, if he can stand a tour to their sky, of which icebergs would be but the frosting and tracery ornamentation. Likely they would pile up these huge ramparts and battlements more easily than they could form and keep a sparkling dew-drop; just as some men would more easily guide an army or govern a state than fondle a kitten, feed a lamb, or milk a goat. Look at the workshops about the Pole, the material and the agents: the ice and snow, the waters and the wide wastes, the currents, the waves and the winds, the rough, precipitous, irregular shore and the ceaseless, resistless heaving, driving, surging of the all-powerful sea; and what else could come out but ploughing mountains, grinding avalanches, great stretches and piles of ice. On the shore of Lake Ontario may sometimes be seen on a very diminutive scale in February and March the forces and effects that send such wonders down

the rivers of the sea. There, according to the shape of the shore and the direction of the winds are piled up the mounds, heights, and cone-ridges; are laid out the bridges, banks, and arches, and scooped out the craters and funnels that in the larger operations of the sea, chisel and shape the accumulating walls into towers and spires, columns and minarets lifted on high and glittering in the sun. Last winter I observed some of the lake's best waves driven with all old Ontario's might under the ice banks on the shore and then forced out some of the conical funnels to a height by no means despicable on the sea coast. With shifting winds from water and land, there is too much intermingling of sand to allow a crystalline brightness; and the vernal sun too quickly dissolves the icy fringe of the inland sea to allow even a play at icebergs. There is no accumulation for years; no breaking off by their own weight, and no launching upon the deep and strong currents of the circumpolar seas.

In such a sea as this, filled with these strange, huge, heedless and heartless wanderers, on a wild rough and rocky coast, what must be the dangers encountered by seamen when down upon them come the fog, the darkness, and the storm? Is it any wonder that many perish? Is it any wonder that tablets in several of the churches record tremendous disasters in which went down whole families of fathers and their boys on some dark night on some treacherous shore? Often in the midst of richest blessings we forget the cost of which they are purchased. Our experience in fogs and storms was by no means disastrous; yet we had enough to show what might easily be. On the second day out as we drew nigh to Hamilton Inlet, toward evening a heavy fog settled down upon us; and the problem was to pass the "tickle" (strait) and do Stag Run (entrance to inlet) before dark. It is surprising and gratifying to observe how accurately the ship captains know their positions by the chart from the course and the log. From five o'clock unable to see any guiding object, about eight o'clock from soundings it was evident we drew nigh to land. Onward at quarter speed we crept through the fog, descried the rocks at the bow just in time enough to back off; tried again, and again pulled back from the black, ill-defined masses of rock towering far above our mast head. A few efforts and the vessel feels her way into Stag Harbour, where anchor is dropped beneath the cliff, and the captain says, "Here for the night." But the mist lifts a little, and we can see the close encompassing hills that

form the harbour; and again he says, "If I were only around that point and past a certain ledge of rock we would get on the rest of the way well enough." But the fog closes in; and whatever the captain thinks, the passengers are more than reconciled to remain there under good shelter. But there is another rift, and the first thing we hear, the little engine is hoisting anchor. We back out of the harbour, round the point, put our nose into the "tickle" and crawl along. Everybody on board is nervous and all eyes are strained, for we are just ignorant enough to be timid. But there is faith in the captain. He is a Christian man and ought to know, anyhow. The ticklish point is reached, the fog is dense; so we fall off into a bay and anchor again for the night. But scarcely had anchor touched bottom when there is another opening, another hoisting; another nervous creeping and cautious advance; another moment of high-strung expectancy and anxiety; a burst of relief, "There, we're through!" a sharp click of the bell; off at increased speed, and then by course and log and soundings in more open water on under a clearer sky to Fogo, the focus town of this island of fire (Terra del Fuego of the North) at its north-west angle; and with a capacious harbour narrower at the mouth than even that of St. Johns. It just looks and feels queer to be poking around among these stones at midnight, and foggy at that. Surely knowledge is a defence; and a strong desire to shun evil guided by sufficient knowledge is a triumphant safeguard.

We pull out of Fogo a little after midnight by the same narrow gateway where a man might almost jump to rock on either side the ship; and the Twillingate light greets us flashing across the waters for thirty miles. "I knew it," said the captain; "if we could only get up here, all right, for the fog sticks to that lower shore like wool to a sheep's back." And sure enough, the morning brought us by another narrow rocky entrance into Twillingate, the capital of the north, a comparatively new and thriving town; and the breakfast hour gave us sweet and enjoyable refreshment off shipboard in the home of our brother Embree, Superintendent of that northern district, where in the great Gospel aggressions the work seems admirably suited to the man and the man to the work.

Speaking of fogs we had more of their faithful and pressing attendance. Brother Bond and I on our return left ship at Bonavista to hold a service and drive across the peninsula to

Catalina—that is the way they spell it—there to overtake our steamer. On reaching Catalina near midnight we found our fellow-passengers in great trepidation as in rounding the Cape from Bonavista they had encountered a heavy fog; and in feeling their way along were for a little beached upon a rock; when even the captain thought "all was up with the ship" and said "Good-bye, *Plover!*" But as they were advancing very slowly, and the rock was comparatively smooth, a quick and vigorous reversal of the engine brought the vessel off, gave to the passengers unspeakable relief and joy, and to many of them expressions of devout thankfulness to God.

Through the dense fog, trusting compass and log, sounding the whistle and straining the eye, we pushed on in the night for Trinity. But the icebergs carry no fog-horn; and in sullenest silence let you rush upon them to your ruin, as was near our fate, before their presence is known. Sometimes like the shore they are detected by the waters dashing upon them; when the quickest time on record, if practicable, is made in parting company with them.

When day had come we were known to be somewhere near the mouth of Trinity Harbour; but to find it was the question. With venturing in and backing out, sending off small boats and whistling them up again out of the fog; blowing the fog alarm and ringing bells; after about two hours lying off and beating about we entered port, and joyfully dropped anchor Sabbath morning, nine o'clock. The detentions of the same character kept us from St. Johns till that evening at eight o'clock, where we ought to have been before noon. A religious service, under some disadvantages, on shipboard, was the best solatium for the loss of the worship and fellowship on land.

The ship's stop of an hour or more at each port gave us an opportunity of getting what even Paul did not get when the brethren met him at "The Three Taverns:" that is, a good cup of tea, and one that would stay by even on shipboard, which evidently some required. The people in the ports understand it; for soon as the Methodist preachers heave in sight, coming up from the ship, there is a stir among sisters, cups, kettles, and canisters, and movements show, and fragrance confirms, that Newfoundland's boast, "a good cup o' tea," is close in the offing. Some even put on the fire and spread the cloth when the ship is signalled round the head. These port hours gave us also a

chance to visit a school or run into a Methodist Church or even hold a service. At Twillingate the stay was delightful, and we trust mutually profitable. Here are two large Methodist Churches where a few years ago was no cause. There are also two schools (Methodist), one parsonage, and another in immediate prospect. It was my privilege to preach in the south-side church one evening, and with Brother Bond address an educational meeting in the north-side church next evening. Many of the male inhabitants were away at Labrador; but in the congregations were masters and sailors of vessels from ports on the other side of the globe. As far as human considerations help men preach the knowledge of such a fact stirs up our souls within us; for this is the Gospel of God for all men. The Methodist outfit of property in these ports is the Church, the separate Sabbath-school building, the day-school buildings, the mission-house or parsonage, and the masters' home. Sometimes they do with less; and in some cases they have them all magnificently provided.

INTO AND THROUGH.

BY HANNAH CODDINGTON.

INTO the depths,
Into the depths,
Heart-anguished thou dost go, dear soul!
Out of the depths,
Out of the depths,
Sore wounded by the foe, dear soul!
But a secret's hid in the heart of pain,
And if thou discover it, loss is gain.
From yesterdays to-morrows spring—
Waving grain from a hard, dry thing.

Into the depths,
Into the depths;
Thus gold parts with alloy, dear soul!
Out of the depths,
Out of the depths,
Thou'lt come with strength and joy, dear soul!
With a holy chrism on lips and brow,
And the service of heart and hand for now.
The King's reward is promised, sure—
"A crown for him who shall endure."

—*Sunday-school Times.*

THE TRUE AIM OF PREACHING.*

BY THE REV. J. COOPER ANTLIFF, M.A., B.D.

ONE can scarcely hope in discussing this subject before a number of Methodist ministers to contribute anything that will attract attention by its novelty, but yet we may venture to hope that the illustration and enforcement of familiar truth may not be without a degree of interest and profit. The remark of Dr. Chalmers relative to preaching in a Christian community—that it is *intensive rather than informational* will apply *a fortiori* to such an essay as this read before a Ministerial Association.

The terms of the title of this paper require no definition. By "preaching" is to be understood that part of public worship which consists in discoursing on religious subjects; and by "the true aim" we understand the proper object which the preacher should endeavour to secure by his discourse.

It goes without saying that the preacher should have an aim; Archbishop Whately wisely and wittily speaks of preachers *who aim at nothing and hit it;* possibly specimens of this class may be occasionally met with—but we think very rarely—in the pulpits of Methodism.

The title of the paper, by the use of the qualifying word "true," suggests that there may be false aims; and if for a few moments we consider what some of these are, we may be the better prepared for the consideration of the true one. The false aims are many, the true aim is one.

Here is a man rising to address a congregation; what is the end he purposes to attain by his sermon? If he be a mere hireling it is the performance of so much work for the temporal advantages to be gained thereby. He merely *maintains* the forms of worship and sound words that they may *maintain* him; and, like the accursed sons of Eli, he is found in one of the priest's offices that he may eat a piece of bread.

Here is another preacher rising to speak at the appointed place in public worship, when the sermon is next on the programme. If

* A paper read before the Niagara Conference Ministerial Association, August 5th, 1885.

he were to declare truthfully the reason why he stands forth, he would say something like this: "I am a salaried officer, expected to preach twice on the Sabbath, and the time has come round when, like a clock, it is my business to strike, and so I shall proceed to do my duty." With such a preacher the fulfilment of his sacred function is well expressed in the phrase, which is a favourite one with our Anglican friends—"doing duty."

But while these false aims have specially to do with the preacher, there are others that have more particular reference to the people. If a minister preaches chiefly to raise money for trustees who, having exercised large faith in the erection of a costly church, have—inverting the evangelical order—come to the stage of repentance, we hold he aims too low. In passing, we would express the opinion that no little harm has resulted from the rage for fine churches, when the builders have been unable to pay for them without resorting to methods of raising money which find no warrant in Holy Scripture.

The preacher who preaches "to please the people" has a false aim. So did not the great apostle of the Gentiles who bears witness of his ministry in these words, "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom." Not that a vulgar and repulsive method is to be commended; the more inviting and pleasing the method of preaching is the better, if the end is not lost in the means. A preacher who aims at making the people admire either himself or themselves, miserably fails in realizing the true aim of preaching.

There is another false aim which we must not overlook—making the pulpit a professor's chair; while science and philosophy may fittingly be laid under tribute by the true preacher, he may not turn the sermon into a scientific disquisition or a philosophical dissertation. To impart instruction is a good work, but it is not the chief end of preaching.

If I be asked to state briefly what is the true aim of preaching, I reply, it is to SECURE THE SALVATION OF MEN. This is the ultimate aim; there are other aims which may be termed proximate, *e.g.*, to expound the Scriptures, and to defend the truth; but these are subsidiary to the final purpose of saving souls.

For a few moments consider what is involved in the expression, "to secure the salvation of men."

It implies that men are in a state of ruin,—of guilt,—of con-

demnation. The statements of Scripture are clear and full on this point; whatever doctrines may admit of dispute there is no room for difference of opinion here. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." I think it is Coleridge who has somewhere observed that human depravity is not so much a dogma as a fact. The testimony of history and experience clearly set forth man's sinfulness and consequent suffering. The conscience of universal man endorses the statement that we are guilty before God. And from the heart of man there goes forth the unceasing cry, sadder and more tragic than the fabled cry of Prometheus when chained on Mount Caucasus—"Who shall deliver me?"

But there is something further implied in the words we have used to set forth the true aim of preaching—the fact that salvation has been rendered possible. There is redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. And Christ is made unto us "Sanctification and Redemption."

Salvation is employed in the phrase we are now developing as signifying more than mere pardon. It means not only regeneration but sanctification; it implies not only the restoration of the sinner to the favour of God but also to His likeness; it is concerned not merely with deliverance from the punishment of sin, but with the greater and more wonderful work of deliverance from the power of sin. A man who has realized in its fullest extent salvation has not only a new relationship towards God, but a renewed moral nature; from a rebel he is changed into an heir, and not only is he an heir of God—whatever privileges that remarkable term is meant to set forth—but he is a partaker of the Divine nature.

If the preacher of the Gospel contemplates this aim, he will surely find that he is under no necessity, because of lack of material, to undertake the duties of either a literary lectureship or a scientific professorship. When it is said that the true aim of preaching is to secure the salvation of men, it is to be understood that the conversion of men should be sought. Every preacher should be, first of all, an evangelist; by which we do not mean a peripatetic nondescript, with a stock of two or three sermons which ring the changes incessantly on "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" but a preacher who so clearly and distinctly sets forth the way of salvation, that troubled and sinful men see that there is pardon and peace for

their penitent souls in receiving Christ as their personal Saviour. If a minister cannot teach the seeking soul the way of salvation, he has no business in the pulpit. We do not depreciate the pastoral office, to which we shall have occasion to refer shortly, but we magnify "the work of the evangelist." And considering the history and work of Methodism, we are surely justified in doing so.

If we require higher justification for this, we need only turn to the New Testament and we shall at once find it. Consider the ministry of our blessed Exemplar—the great, the chief Shepherd of the sheep. What was His mission to our weary and sinful world? As He stood up in the synagogue at Nazareth, He struck the key-note of His ministry when He opened the book of the prophet Isaiah and read:

> "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
> Because He anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor;
> He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
> And recovering of sight to the blind,
> To set at liberty them that are bruised,
> To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."—*(R. V.)*

And on His last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem, when the shadow of the Cross was projecting itself on His spirit, He set forth His great mission as being "To seek and to save that which was lost." The whole of His ministry seems burdened with the intense desire to save men. Now, if Christ wept over men losing their souls, if He endured the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary to save men, and in His darkest hours was cheered by the hope of accomplishing this salvation, then the loss of a soul must be so appalling a calamity, and its salvation so glorious a rescue, that an angel might envy the man "who converts a sinner from the error of his way, and saves a soul from death." Surely no labour, no sacrifice, no cares are too great to bestow for such a result; and if anxieties and discouragements do at times overcast the spirit of the Christian preacher, he will find stimulus and strength in considering his Lord who endured so much heavier a cross of sacrifice, of pain and loneliness with steadfast purpose and unwavering step, because of the joy that was set before Him in bringing many sons to glory.

But turning from our Lord to His servant—the great apostle of

the Gentiles—a character that becomes more luminous and marvellous the more it is contemplated and studied—we find the same great aim having significant pre-eminence given it. The terms of the commission with which he was entrusted are these: "Unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me." How faithfully he fulfilled the commission is known to all. He declares in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, "I am become all things to all men." Why, that he may gain their esteem? No so. That he may have an easy life? Nay, but "that I may by all means save some." In the second epistle to the same Church he says Christ gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation. . . . We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God. 2 Cor. v. 18-20. And it is worthy of remark that when he was drawing near the end of his earnest and successful ministry, as he addressed his "own son in the faith," Timothy, in the affectionate counsels of the first of the pastoral epistles, he says, "Take heed to thyself and thy teaching; continue in these things, for in doing this, thou shalt save both thyself and them that hear thee." (R.V., 1 Tim. iv. 16.)

That preaching, and not mere ritual or ceremonial observances, is God's method of saving men, is unequivocally taught by the apostle. He put the ordinance of preaching in the place which we as Methodists, as distinguished from Romanists and their friends, Anglican Ritualists, have from the beginning assigned it. In his Epistle to the Romans—an epistle which the Roman Catholics of to-day would do well to ponder to correct not a few of their errors and abuses—he says, "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also that are at Rome." Mark, it was not to perform high mass or grant a plenary indulgence. And then he sets forth the value of the Gospel in the words, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Again he writes, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" That preaching is the method God has

ordained for saving men is distinctly taught in 1 Cor. i. 17. . . . "For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel; not in wisdom of words, lest the Cross of Christ should be made void. . . . For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe." The method God has ordained to save men is appropriately termed, "The hearing of faith" and "the hearing of the Word." The wisdom of this method will be the more distinctly perceived the more it is considered. The living voice of one who has himself experienced the power of the Gospel must surely be more likely to persuade than any spectacular performance or any system of incantation or spiritual legerdemain. The truth appeals to the conscience—and this wonderful faculty of man's moral nature is the preacher's friend and ally, as he storms Man-soul. Preaching treats man as a rational being, and on this ground asserts its superiority over man-devised methods of salvation, which appeal to the sensuous rather than the mental and moral nature of our complicated nature. We insist, then, that preaching is the divinely ordained method of converting souls, and that the preacher who has a true aim will not rest satisfied unless he sees souls converted under his ministry. The instances where men are converted apart from the preaching of the Word are few and far between. Probably if all the facts of the cases cited as such were known, they would be found to be fewer still than supposed. If we look into the New Testament we shall find, as far as I can remember, no single instance unless it be that of Paul, whose case is exceptional, and it is not to be overlooked that even in his case, that after being convicted by the miracle as he journeyed to Damascus, he was taught the way of peace by the loving voice of the preacher Ananias. He who brought him to penitence by miracle could by the same means have given him the fulness of the blessing; but He saw fit to employ a disciple to accomplish His further purposes of mercy, and so honour was put on the preaching of the Word.

But as we have previously remarked, the preacher's aim is not only to start men on the way of life, but to guide them after they have started; or, to change the figure, he has not only to travail until Christ be formed in his hearers, but when they have realized this experience it is his by preaching to foster and develop the

Christian life. The whole of salvation is far from being covered by the term regeneration, and the true aim of preaching is the *salvation* of men and not merely the *regeneration* of men. Supposing a preacher should be so blessed in his ministry that all in his congregation were converted, yea, and all in his neighbourhood, would his work be accomplished? By no means. His flock would require feeding.

Christ said to Peter, "After thou art converted strengthen thy brethren," and on his restoration after the denial, his commission was couched in the words, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." It was Peter who wrote, "The elders therefore among you I exhort, who am a fellow-elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ who am also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed; tend the flock of God which is among you, exercising the oversight not of constraint, but willingly, according unto God; nor yet for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock, and when the Chief Shepherd shall be manifested, ye shall receive the crown that fadeth not away."

Paul in addressing the Ephesian elders at Miletus says, "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, in the which the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops, to feed the Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood."

It does not come within my province to discuss which kind of preaching—the evangelistic or the pastoral—is the more important, for each is important in its own place; but what I desire specially to emphasize is that the aim in both is salvation. In the early days of Methodism special attention was given to the conversion of sinners, but as this branch of the true Church has gone forward developing her Divine mission, attention has very properly been given more and more to the edifying of the body of Christ. And though some of our sister Churches are quite willing to relieve us of the care of our spiritual offspring, probably we are quite as competent to build up the Christian character of our children as these charitable friends. We *can* do it, and we *must* do it. In passing I may be permitted to remark that we need to attend to conserving as well as aggressive work; for if we had all within the Methodist fold who belong to us on the ground of spiritual parentage, our numbers would be considerably increased. Perhaps one method of

retaining these sheep who leave our folds for other pasture would be to act on the principle set forth by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, "Wherefore let us cease to speak of the first principle of Christ, and press on unto perfection (full growth—margin), not laying again a foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the teachings of baptism, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit."

The preacher's full work is not done when he has brought men to the knowledge of acceptance in Christ. He has to develop in them Christian virtues and experience; to accomplish this he will have to preach the duties as well as the doctrines of God's Holy Word. John Wesley wisely exhorted his helpers to preach the law twice to the Gospel—as usually understood—once. First, preach the law to convince of sin, alarm the conscience; then preach the Gospel in its offers of mercy, and then again, when this has been accepted, preach the law as a rule of life. And St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, has set forth the preacher's duty in the passage, "Christ whom we proclaim, admonishing every man in all wisdom that we may present every man perfect in Christ, whereunto I labour also, striving according to the power which worketh in me mightily." "Every man perfect in Christ." What a noble purpose! what a true aim! "Whereunto I *labour*." Here is toil that will weary and at times oppress the spirit of the true preacher. There is an affecting story told of Dr. Belfrage, to the effect that when his wife died he had no likeness of her. He obtained eight small tablets of ivory, and for a fortnight he shut himself in his room, and, though he had not been taught drawing and painting, at the end of his voluntary confinement he came out of the room with a likeness of his departed loved one on the last of his tablets, but his face was furrowed and his form emaciated. He had *laboured* in forming the features on the ivory. And when we would form Christ in our hearers we have a work from which we might well shrink had we not the promise of Divine assistance. Preaching, when it aims aright, is if an arduous yet a glorious work. Carlyle has a passage, that I cannot forbear quoting, touching this point. He says:

"That a man stand and speak of spiritual things to men—it is beautiful; even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has

indeed, in those times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all Public Functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man ever professing and never so languidly making still some endeavour to save the souls of men, contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking one; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The speaking Function—this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our writing and printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what are the *real* Satanas, the soul-devouring, world-devouring Devil NOW is."

If the preacher keeps his true aim before him he may rest assured that adopting the Divinely appointed means and prayerfully seeking the power from on high, he will compass his end. "We labour, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. And we are steadfast, unmovable, knowing our labour in the Lord is not in vain," and we have the encouragement of being assured "that they that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Finally, brethren, let the work of the ministry—the saving of souls—be prosecuted for Christ's sake. This is a motive that will never fail to inspire and encourage. Let the minister preach, pray and live to please Him, and seek that his teaching may display Him; as Michael Angelo had a candle fixed in his cap when painting so that no shadow of himself should fall on the canvas to mar the fair picture, so let the preacher be careful that no shadow of his own self-seeking mar his manifestation of the Saviour. And as the ancient mythology says, when Orpheus, the sweet musician, was dead, the nightingale that built its nest nearest his tomb sang sweetest, so that preacher will witness for Christ most enchantingly and successfully who lives in most intimate communion with Him.

BRANTFORD, Ont.

HAROUN, the Caliph, through the sunlit street
Walked slowly, with bent head and weary breath,
And cried, "Alas! I cannot stay my feet,
That move unceasing toward the gate of death."

INSANITY OF THE PAST.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Medical Superintendent of Asylum for Insane, Toronto.

MOSES, the Jewish lawgiver, knew what insanity meant. Fifteen centuries before the Christian era his punishment for disobedience was a terrible curse: "The Lord shall smite thee with madness." At the first visit of David to Achish he feigned to be mad, and with considerable success. The Philistine king was disgusted at his conduct, for David "scrabbled on the doors of the gate and let his spittle fall down upon his beard." He must have seen other insane do the same things, or this conduct would have had no effect upon the heathen king. This monarch of Gath suspected that the drivelling Israelite was a schemer. David, seeing he was not a success as an impostor, sought safety in flight. The king pointedly said: "Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence?" He virtually said: "Am I such a fool as not to see through this flimsy device?"

Saul was subject to fits of melancholy and mania of the intermittent form, so often seen in insanity. Melody soothed him, as it so often does the insane, for

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

At other times, in his frenzy, he threw his javelin with an abandon which boded no good to the spectators, whether friends or foes.

Nebuchadnezzar was mad. With uncropt and unkempt hair; with uncut finger nails, until they were "like bird's claws," he dwelt among beasts and ate grass like an ox. He sought no shelter, for his "body was wet with the dews of heaven." He frequented desolate and solitary places and dwelt with wild asses. It is satisfactory to know that his understanding and reason returned to him, and that because of his recovery he "blessed the Most High."

We find the term, madness, mentioned in Ecclesiastes and Isaiah, and it is used synonymously with want of judgment.

In studying lunacy, as described in the Scriptures, it is to be remembered that the modern idea of insanity as being solely a physical disease was never entertained. It was looked upon as rising from intellectual or moral causes, and attributed, either to God's immediate and direct judicial inflictions, or to the violence of human passions and desires. Among most Eastern nations those brain-afflicted mortals were looked upon with superstitious awe and pity. Even the Jews looked on some forms of madness as a sort of semi-inspiration, and much importance was given to the maudlin utterances and weird visions of those possessed of delusions or hallucinations. The writers of the first centuries of the Christian era held that the moon had a good deal to do with mental derangement, and that at certain phases of its monthly changes excitement and mania were the direct results of its malign influence. The Greek word for *lunatic* means *moonstruck*, and our English word is only an Anglicized Latin term of the same import. It is passing strange how prone words are to convey erroneous impressions. In this instance the name has produced this impression in many minds down to the present time.

In New Testament times a distinction was always drawn between lunatics and demoniacs. The former class were epileptics, and the latter were "devil-possessed," or "demon-held."

It is worth noticing that the word *demon* was often used in Old Testament times as being synonymous with "gods," "lords," and "vanities," or, unsubstantial things. The Seventy in their translation give these interpretations. There is no doubt the idea was taken from the demonology of the heathen, in which is given distinct prominence to personal deities of good and evil. The ancient classic writers use the word as being equivalent to angels good or bad. The Israelities classified them in this way. Angels were God's ministers; but demons, devils, unclean and evil spirits, rebellious and fallen angels were all emissaries of Satan. They were held to be foes of man and afflicted him physically and mentally. This was accomplished, not only by external means, but also by taking possession of his body and becoming his tormentors.

These demoniacal possessions seem to have been confined to the time of Christ and His apostles. At least, the usual rendering of the Scripture narrative would so lead us to believe in such per-

sonal occupancy by external beings. The miracles of the casting out of such intruders would not have been the less potent and wonderful had lunatics and demoniacs been classified together under the general term of insanity. Christ's miracles show that He attached as much divine power to an instantaneous cure of physical disease as in casting out devils. To cure a brain disease by word of mouth, or by laying on of hands, is equally supernatural and divinely potent, as was the raising of the dead. It would not be a difference in kind of potency, but only in degree of possibility. With the great advance of Biblical interpretation in these latter days, the hermeneutics of the future may lead to a view so consonant with medical and physical facts.

The Christian treatment of the insane, now so prevalent, has arisen from the knowledge that they are sick and diseased, thereby needing medical treatment. No attempt at cure was made in olden times. They were supposed, like traitors, "to have been moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil." In many countries of antiquity such were scourged in order to drive the demons out of the body. They were driven from the abodes of men as accursed. No compassion was shown to them, seeing they were the abodes of devils because of sin. Our forefathers were not aware that saint and sinner had a common suffering in this dire affliction irrespective of sin or sanctity.

St. Mark gives us a graphic and terrible picture of a lunatic. "And when He (Jesus) was come out of the ship, immediately there met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains: because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones."

This poor fellow even had the delusion that Christ was tormenting him. What "with fetters and chains," cutting stones and lonely dwelling-places, his lot was a hard one; but only a typical case of the many in his day. This gives us a glimpse of how these poor diseased mortals had been treated in the beginning of the Christian era. To-day many lunatics in the poor-houses of parsimonious municipalities fare little better.

The father described the symptoms of his epileptic son, when

he said: "Lord, have mercy on my son: for he is a lunatic, and sore vexed; for ofttimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water." Such fared little better than their demon-possessed neighbours.

In Asia, Greece, Rome and Egypt there were all kinds of cruelties inflicted on the demented. Scourgings, imprisonments in cells where the light of day never entered, and starvation followed by a merciful and speedy death were methods approved of and sanctioned by Church and State. These barbarities were supposed to be remedial measures of a legitimate kind. They were often inflicted with the best intentions, as was the heroic medical treatment of only twenty-five years ago. We are always to consider the age in which such things are tolerated and blame it more than the people. Ignorance and superstition always produce a brood of social evils.

This demon *(daimon)*, devil or angel, was well known to the Greeks in their mythology. Those having it were supposed to be diseased in a sort of way, through this demoniacal presence and influence. Socrates, the great Grecian philosopher, said he was possessed in body and mind by an influence which at one time he called a god, at another a demon, and sometimes a divine voice. Under its influence he would go about the streets half naked, dancing and shouting, at all seasons of the year. At these times of mental excitement he would make all kinds of grimaces, throw himself into grotesque postures, and knew only occasionally the luxury of ablutions. In the midst of all this he would pour out in scraps of wisdom, in cutting irony, and in biting sarcasm, torrents of eloquence. At one time in a trance, and at another in convulsions, he was looked upon by a cultured people and by his loving pupils as having a tormenting spirit or demon, or a *theos*, which spoke to him and was to him an inward monitor. Plato and Xenophon both testify to his vision-power, his insane pranks, intermingled with wisdom, but shrewdly hint at the purely physical origin of these fantastic doings. The voices he heard were doubtless hallucinations and his morbid ideas were evidently delusions. These facts, however, show what the classic writers meant by the term *demon*.

In the dark ages, Christianity as it was, shows a discreditable contrast to Mohammedism and Buddhism. These religious systems taught in the Koran and sacred books of India that these

unhappy beings were specially visited by the Supreme Being, and were therefore worthy of veneration, benevolence and sympathy. To his everlasting honour be it said that a Carthusian monk of the 15th century counselled kind treatment of the insane. It was a spark of light in great darkness. He revolted against the barbarous quackery and savage empiricism which gave emetics, violent purgatives with divers bleedings, blistering and applications of the whip to cure a diseased brain. This cruel method was a mixture of ignorance and viciousness, which only intensified the evil and against which the natural instincts of the insane rebelled. But the ages which gloried in the torture and death penalty against those who differed from the majority in religious matters were not educated to tolerate or look with favour on the weaklings of society. The ignorance which burned drivelling and demented women as witches would wink at any enormity.

In the dark ages, hospitals for the insane were usually attached to religious houses. The recluse who had charge of such did not hesitate to flagellate himself for his sins and for harbouring in his mind devilish thoughts. Such saw in the insane persons, beings who were tenanted by legions of devils; so it was reasonable to suppose, that if self-whippings put to flight *Diabolus*, who became an unwelcome guest to themselves, an administration of the same remedy would do good to a body and soul in which resided a whole family of those active emissaries of evil. Many of the poor creatures got ten to twenty lashes a day as regularly as they got their dinners. The floggers seemed to forget that tearing at the house would not dislodge the tenants. If this drastic treatment did not succeed, then chairs of restraint, hair-jackets worn next to the skin, copious bleedings and blisterings were resorted to, accompanied by partial starvation. The lunatic was often seated on a chair set on a pivot, which was made to revolve so rapidly that insensibility supervened. For a change, an iron cage was sometimes provided and was suspended over a cistern of ice-cold water. When the tormentors of the nether world were too much inclined to hold high revelry in the earthly tabernacle, the "one more unfortunate" was tied in this iron prison and plunged into this frigid bath as often as the operation was thought necessary. It need scarcely be written that many a dead patient was taken from this cage. It is scarcely credible

that this cruel treatment was kept up and medically defended until a century ago. Superstition, ignorance and fanaticism die hard. It would take chapters to describe the infernal devices which were invented to exorcise the demon of insanity from its lodging place in the poor brain. "Houses of Mercy"—so called—were established in Babylon, Constantinople, and several European cities, early in the Christian age, yet little mercy was dealt out in them. The principles of the Sermon on the Mount had not as yet permeated these abodes of cruelty. These diseased fellow-creatures were treated as criminals under punishment. The affliction was evidence of great sin, so chastisement in some form was their due.

In the 16th century, Bethlehem (corrupted into Bedlam) was one of the first establishments erected expressly for the insane. Its existence was followed by like hospitals in France, Germany, and Gheel, in Belgium. This reforming movement meant the liberation of the insane from prisons and poor-houses, showing a more enlightened appreciation of the causes and cure of insanity. The idea of "possession" by devils was losing its grip on the public mind. The treatment was still barbarous, but this provision was a token of better things to come. Towards the end of last century, Pinel and Esquirol, in France, and Tuke, in England, began an apostolic crusade in behalf of the insane. They compelled the authorities to break to pieces and remove the irons from the limbs of those victims of cruelty. They let sunlight into the dank, dark cells. They drove out malefactors who had been their keepers. They abolished the whip and its undeserved torments. They put cleanliness and comfortable surroundings in the place of filth, poisonous gases, vermin and general loathsomeness. Gentleness took the place of brutality. Nurses of good repute supplanted jailers. Comparative liberty followed years of incarceration in cages of iron, dens of foulness and cells into whose recesses no sunbeam had ever sent its rays. This was a time of jubilee to the patients of Bicêtrè, Salpetrière, in France, and Bethlehem, in England.

The cry of fanaticism and heresy was raised against these men in their God-like work of rescuing the perishing. The howl of the detractors was heard in the streets. They were defamers of the Church because they took a medical and rational view of insanity and threw discredit on the doctrine of demoniacal pos-

session, after the apostolic age. Yet they worked on faithfully, in spite of all obloquy, and in the end conquered, as truth always must conquer. Their influence was soon felt and began to permeate other countries, especially Germany and Scandinavia. Connolly, a worthy successor of Tuke, did much by his pen and example, at Hanwell and other asylums in England, to enlighten the people in the beneficent treatment of the insane. His graphic pen repeated the old story of sorrow and misery and his burning words roused the long slumbering sympathies of the British people. The cruelties and neglects of over 2,500 years were put in juxtaposition with a benevolent Christianity, so that the shadows from the dark mountains might look the more sombre in the light of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." The upward progress of the last half century toward forbearance, pity, and intelligent treatment of these brain-afflicted and storm-tossed mortals has yet to be told, and it will bear repeating as an unanswerable chapter in the evidences of Christianity.

THE THREE LESSONS.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy countenance on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, hope and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

—*Schiller.*

LONDON CITY MISSION.

AMONG THE NIGHT WANDERERS.

BY J. SURNAM COOKE.

"Two o'clock at the Law Courts, and not in clerical attire"—such were my brief directions. As Temple Bar clock pointed the hour I passed the tavern, immortalized by the memory of Johnson, and found the organizing secretary of the mission I had come to study writing tickets under the gas lamp, watched by two policemen who suspected dynamite. The tickets were to admit to a breakfast at Collier's Rents the night "dosers" and homeless wanderers we were in search of. We were joined by a baronet and M.P., who believed that there were other questions beside those on which the fate of Ministries depends worthy of all-night vigils. He had just come through Trafalgar Square, when he counted one hundred and sixty sleepers, and we were at once plunged into difficulties by his proposal to invite them all. But we get a fair understanding to start with. Our nocturnal guests must be picked. The seats are numbered, so to speak, and our oxen and fatlings, or rather the coffee and sandwiches, prepared to exact order. We must discriminate.

Our hunting-ground is the Embankment (street along the bank of the Thames), Blackfriars and London Bridges. Other workers are busy at Ratcliffe Highway, Covent Garden Market, Adelphi Arches and similar well-known night haunts of the homeless. The frosts of mid-winter, the chill winds of March, no less than the quiet stars of this June night, find these regions strewn with men, women, and children, who have fallen down in the race and have no spot on God's earth to call "home." Of one such Hood wrote:

> Oh, it was pitiful,
> Near a whole city-full
> Home she had none.

But what of five hundred (at least) homeless beings every night of the circling year? Is this the necessary corollary of our high civilization? Surely this is something for the new Methodist Mission to take account of.

"We stand a chance of being pitched into the river?" asked the M.P., as we start for the Embankment. "Not the slightest, you will see." The reply was reassuring, but six years of East-end work had long ago convinced me of the absolute safety of Christian workers who go about their work properly among the most dangerous and degraded classes. A case of garroting occurred not far from us this same night, but we were unmolested. No, we were not "pitched into the river." We make a beginning with a desolate object leaning on an iron post opposite St. Clement Danes. He is a labourer from the country—one of twenty-five of his class we find before morning. He has walked from Reading during the day; we give him a ticket and send him on to the Rents. The next, wearily sauntering under the shadow of the houses, is a carpenter from Liverpool—tools in pawn, no food, no money. We turn down Arundel Street for the Embankment. On the first seat we find a thinly-clad man, with head sunk on his breast, trying to sleep. He has just been discharged from hospital, is penniless and hungry; his convalescent home after rheumatic fever is the bank of the chill river! Would he not prefer the casual ward to this? No, he would rather die in the gutter than that. He has been in business for himself as a grocer. We find nearly all the seats of the Embankment occupied. On some sleepers lie in a heap for warmth; on others they sleep as they sit, with legs stretched out and head thrown back. Strange objects some of them. One has both his sore feet tied up in a piece of old cloth. Another rejoices in a woollen comforter which he has wound completely round head and face, pulling an old wide-a-wake over the whole. His *tout ensemble* reminds us of the scarecrow of the fields; but a scarecrow never wakes to a sense of his position, or is ashamed of the rags which blow about in the night winds. This wretched being will in a short time be rudely roused and told to move on. Why is this? The secretary tells us that the seats cannot be occupied long. The M.P. does not like this and confides his views to the nearest policeman, who gruffly replies, he has his "horders." But why the orders? "Cos yer see, sir," answers the man with the bull's-eye, "there was a murder jest were you're standing, not long ago, and since then we've got to look out."

Our next ticket is given to a woman of tidy dress and perfectly white hair. She is an artificial flower-maker, but times

are bad and she is utterly destitute. Her earnings for the last three weeks were three shillings and eight pence. She does not expect to get any food until Monday (this is Sunday morning), when she may earn a little. Ah! they do not know of this, those tender-hearted ladies who drove yesterday morning to Swan and Edgar's to get a new ribbon for "darling Floss," and then on to Covent Garden for strawberries at 10s. a pound. They are too tired even to dream of such unpleasant things; for the theatres are late on Saturday nights and their beds are soft. But they are kind and tender-hearted creatures, for they weep over "Ouida's" novels and Floss sleeps on a cushion and has her foot bathed if they tread on it. Oh, if they only heard the moan at their gates! But there are Christian women listening to the moan, thank God, and we shall have their help in our new mission.

Our next case is that of a young man of twenty-five. He has walked from Dunstable during the day; has no money or prospect, and here he sits clasping his delicate hands and looking into the silent river which is no symbol of peace to him, or

> If calm at all,
> A calm despair.

He has been tutor, can teach four languages and the ordinary English curriculum; lost his last position through misconduct. Drink? No, vice. Wants to begin again, but has no credentials. We give him a ticket and promise to talk with him later on. Now a night wanderer of a different appearance. He is well dressed, except as to boots, which are nearly off his feet. He resents our inquiries and wants to be left alone; but a little *suaviter in modo* and the secretary wins his confidence. He is a confectioner from Manchester, failed in business; but has, after weary weeks of want and wandering in London, the promise of a situation as foreman baker in a week. He refuses our invitation; can't mix with the others, might meet them again; is going on to the park and will sleep when it gets a little warmer. He nearly breaks down at the offer of a pair of boots on Monday.

A few more tickets are given on the Embankment and we come to Blackfriars Bridge. The Westminster and city clocks are striking three as the east flushes with a tender dawn. The broad stretch of river, now at high tide, gleams like silver in the

sudden light. The massive bridges stand out in new beauty. The vast piles at Westminster and the dome of St. Paul's catch the glory. But for once the dawn was unwelcome. How it seemed to mock the misery of these groups in these recesses! Sixty human beings, some hopeless vagrants, others new to such desolation, all hungry and immortal! The dim twilight, the flickering lights quivering in the sullen river, the deep shadows before the dawn were more congenial. But there is no time for sentiment. I lean upon the parapet a moment and breathe a prayer that our new mission may bring a real breakfast to many such as these, and we go on with our work. It is impossible to give invitations to all on the bridge. The first we choose is the centre of a group, in all attitudes, reminding of Hogarth's cartoons. He is an old man, with hungry, almost wolfish eyes. He was a chemist and druggist, but failed, and now lives "anyhow." In the next recess I poke up two lads. Their sleep is deeper than their older bridge-fellows. They shiver as they sit up and face with evident terror their disturbers, whom they confuse with the "Bobby" or "School Board." One is an orphan, the other an arab with the nomad instinct so strong that his father has given him up and he sleeps here by choice. We give a dozen tickets and invite the rest to come and see what room there may be.

It is a strange procession as we tramp along the silent street toward the Borough and pass on to London Bridge. This is the favourite bridge for the homeless of a certain class. Its proximity for the City or Surrey side; the forest of masts down the river suggesting dreams of emigration or odd jobs of unloading, its importance as a great thoroughfare, give London Bridge even a fascination. We find eighty here. We begin with a young man who looks too ill for such exposure. He has just recovered from small-pox and has the convalescent hospital serge on. He was a clerk at the Alexandra Palace, but can get nothing to do. Hopes to get a job at the station on Monday. The next that engages us is a little lad of about eight. He is clinging to a short, dirty-looking man, hatless and shoeless. His well ventilated trousers are held on with a string for a brace. The child's teeth are chattering, for he is just roused from his stone pillow, where, if he has seen no angel's ladder, he has slept soundly; pity he should ever wake. We give the frowsy-looking father a ticket.

He says the "little chap" had some food yesterday, but "gits none reg'ler." That is why the "little chap" tugs at his father's string-brace and hurries him off, his little bare feet twinkling all the way before us; he will get in first if he can. I think of a little golden-haired boy I know well, about the same size, who always gets his meals "reg'ler," thank God, and a mother's good-night kiss, and I resolve he shall have a collecting card for the new mission.

We now make with our augumented crowd for our destination. As we near St. George's Church one more case we cannot pass. On some stone steps sits a woman, with babe in arms, and another, the next size at her side. "Give her a ticket, guvner," shouts one of the crowd who has no ticket himself; but the poor care for each other. The woman's tale is soon told. Husband a dock labourer, out of work all winter. Had been good to her, but "got ashamed of hi'self going about so and no food," and deserted her. Landlord turned her out. Wished she was dead.

Soon after four o'clock our guests are all assembled—235. Sir T. busies himself with the chairs. The secretary with a friend from the north of London—a School Board member who gives himself to this work and has brought another contingent—retires to arrange the commissariat. I am glad of a seat on the platform to study faces and take notes. What a night of contrasts and surprises this has been! Between eleven and twelve I saw, as the West-end theatres emptied, the frivolity and fashion of London and some of its jewelled wealth. At midnight and later I saw in Regent Street and Piccadilly the shameless vice that flaunts itself as in no capital in Europe. Talk of the sin of the East-end! I walked through Sodom and Gomorrah. Now I peer down into unutterable depths of sorrow—the sorrow of our great five-millioned city—and shudder at the unsolved problems of our civilization and Christianity.

Soon nearly all are asleep. There is the sound of heavy breathing all over the hall. Now and then a sleeper moves uneasily in his chair and mutters or cries out in his broken and perhaps crime-haunted dream. The woman with her two children, as also another by her with babe six weeks old, is sleeping with a placid look on her face. Is she dreaming of the cottage with the honeysuckle and hum of bees, her village home? Some cannot sleep. That negro, whose black face, and white

restless eyes, look somewhat weird in the background, is wide awake. So is that woman in the far corner with tattered fur cloak. She was found in Trafalgar Square. She kept the Greyhound at D—— two years ago and had £4,000 in the business. She educated six children in Guenne in France, but last night she slept at the foot of Nelson's Monument.

At six o'clock the bell rings and all are astir. What eager looks! How the "little chap" is watching the open door through which a fragrance of hot coffee streams. The M. P. seizes a tray on one side and I on the other and we soon reduce the piles of paper bags with substantial sandwiches. Others, including some ladies, are doing the same, and there is no time lost. Is there a breakfast in Belgravia enjoyed like this?

A few questions and short address and our work is done. How many earned more than two shillings last week? Hands up. Six. How many out six nights last week? Six. How many three? Seventy. How many between sixty and seventy years old? Seventy. How many under eighteen? Thirteen. How many from the country? More than half. How many no food yesterday? Forty-one.

There are tears on some faces as we sing, "What a friend we have in Jesus," and while for a few minutes I try to tell them of Him. As the clock strikes seven these two hundred and thirty-five wanderers have to face again the wide, wide world, without home, without food, without hope, without God, and I turn homeward, thankful that the Congregational Union are doing so valuable a work, and deeply thankful that while the new Methodist movement will be first evangelistic, it will have relief and rescue agencies, and, let us hope, a night mission for the homeless.—*Methodist Times.*

JUST AS HE LEADS.

JUST as He leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;
God does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen,
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still,
A child in Him confiding.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, THE WHITEFIELD OF WILD WALES.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

THE repeated allusions to Christmas Evans as a preacher, and oft-quoted extracts from his sermons, would lead one to think that the life and character of the man were familiar to the English reader. Yet it was not until lately that a readable "Life" of Christmas Evans was placed before English readers. The Welsh are truly proud of their hero. It is marvellous that the Principality, with its meagre population and its lack of even elementary education, should, in the eighteenth century, produce such a race of men as Evans, Howel Harris, Jones of Ramoth, William Pant-y-Celyn, Howel Davies, Shenkin of Penrhydd, Chales of Bala, and a dozen or more others who were not a whit behind those mentioned. Wales owes much to Paxton Hood for his "Christmas Evans, the Preacher of Wild Wales;" even Welshmen may learn much from that marvellous book which gives such a graphic account of "the country, the times, and contemporaries" of Evans.

Christmas Evans' Christian name will indicate the day of the year in which he was born—the year was 1766—the place Esgairwen, Cardiganshire. His parents were poor—very poor—the father being a shoemaker and earning but a meagre living, found it hard to rear his family, but he died when Christmas was young, and the widowed mother found it harder still, so her brother took our hero and promised to feed and clothe him for what labour he might be worth on the farm. The uncle was "a hard, cruel man, a selfish drunkard," so Christmas spent six years of misery there, and we do not wonder that he entertained hard views concerning "that wicked, cruel and drunken uncle James."

At the age of seventeen Evans could not read a word, and being naturally wild and wicked he had many narrow escapes of his life. But amidst it all a Welsh biographer—Rhys Stephen—tells us, "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times." During a revival, with many young people he was soundly converted; the young converts realizing their lack of knowledge, at once bought Bibles and candles and met in a barn to get instruction. In a

month Christmas learned to read in his own tongue. Then he borrowed books to acquire English. The pastor saw his thirst for learning, took him in hand for six months, and in that time the young man "went through the Latin grammar." He commenced to preach in connection with the Presbyterian Church, but a fixed law they had was, that no one should preach unless he had a college education. Hence, Evans found his way into the Baptist Church. His first sermon was preached in a cottage, and it may surprise some to know that this great preacher stole his first sermon from Beveridge's "Thesaurus Theologicus." The good man—a farmer—who discovered this, excused the young beginner, "because," said he, "the prayer was as good as the sermon;" but alas! what would he have said had he known, as Evans afterwards confessed, that the prayer was learned from a collection by Griffith Jones, of Llanddowrar.

Shortly afterwards Christmas Evans was admitted into the Baptist Church at Aberdware; with them he continued his efforts at preaching, but not with promise of much success. Still he struggled along between hope and despair. In 1790, while attending a Baptist Association in Brecknockshire, he was persuaded to enter the ministry and engage in home missionary work at Lleyn, a small hamlet in Caernarvonshire. Here he seems to have got for the first time upon solid ground as to preaching, and wonderful results are recorded of the young, uncouth, inexperienced evangelist. His fame spread throughout the land, and his health having failed through hard work, he took a tour, on foot, to South Wales, preaching in every town and village that he passed. That is how such men as Christmas Evans recruit their health when enfeebled by hard work. Well, a change of sphere, with new faces, new plans, new congregations and new modes of working, does marvels, as many a worn-out Methodist itinerant can testify.

During his residence at Lleyn, Evans took unto himself a wife, who shared in his successes, hardships, and poverty, as only a woman, with the grace of God in her heart and an undying love for her husband and his work, can do. After working hard on this Lleyn mission for two years, having done marvels towards bringing dead churches to life and founding new ones, and also having gained a reputation as a preacher unequalled by any other in wild Wales, he changed his parish and took the cause of the

Baptist churches in Anglesea in hand. He found everthing lukewarm and faint, he had not a brother minister within a hundred and fifty miles. The name of the place where he and his wife lived was Cildwarn. The cottage which was called the preacher's home was a miserable old shanty, the roof so low that the occupants ran great risks if they stood upright, especially if they measured anything above the average; the door was rotting on its hinges, and, for economy's sake, a tin plate had been nailed across the bottom to hinder the inroad of dogs and swine. The stable was built on to the house and was on a par with the rest. One room did for all purposes; in the daytime it served as the study for Christmas, and kitchen for Catharine his wife. Here it was that the grandest preacher Wales ever produced forged some of the grandest ideas ever preached from a Christian pulpit; here he acquired Greek, so that the classics were as familiar to him as English, and here also he revelled in Hebrew with rich delight, because he found in it a congenial tongue. Books he loved, but few were his portion, his meagre stipend not being enough to feed and clothe him and his sufficiently; but he had a retentive memory, a wonderful imagination, a refined mind, a sanctified heart with unmatched oratorical powers, and wide experience of men and things, linked with an undying devotion to his life-work. Thus it was that he became the man, the Christian, the scholar, the preacher, the pastor, the theologian and worker, and excelled alike in each department.

It was shortly after his removal to Anglesea that Christmas Evans attained the zenith of his fame which never waned. Throughout the entire Principality he is known as "the one-eyed preacher of Anglesea," having lost his eye when a young man. To announce that Evans would preach was a signal for thousands to congregate from miles around. No place of worship could contain the throng. It was a common thing when he went into any locality to see the roads leading from every quarter crowded with rich and poor—some on foot, some in carts, others on horseback, and here and there a yoke of oxen jolting along with a living freight, for all must hear the great "one-eyed preacher from Anglesea." It is not often in a lifetime that such a choice presents itself. They finally gather in some glen or moor. A well-known hymn is sung, the plaintive tune is carried onward to the utmost bounds of the multitude, prayer is offered,

Scripture is read, but the people are unsettled, nor do they compose themselves until the preacher steps to the front. He stands six feet high, gives out a well-known verse, which is sung as only Welshmen know how; during the singing he takes out a small bottle of laudanum and rubs some on the eye that was injured long ago, to deaden an excruciating pain, which troubled him much at times. Then comes the text, perhaps it is Romans fifth chapter and fifteenth verse, or "The seeking of the young Child," or "Satan walking on dry places." He commences slowly, his language is simple and concise, his voice is clear and distinct, his thoughts are easily grasped and aptly illustrated. As he goes on the people listen more intently, they move nearer to the preaching stand, they are under the magic spell of the orator. He realizes that the tide of strong feeling has set in, the breezes have sprung up, he sets sail accordingly, and now he has the *hywl*, as the Welsh call it. The people are weeping or smiling as the preacher wills; soon shouts are heard, *Gogonaint* (Glory), *Bendegedig* (Blessed), *Amen*, *Diolct byth* (Praise Him forever). Christmas Evans during all this is gaining more command over himself, his words, his thoughts. His imagination has full play and practice. Yet the climax is to come; each flight of thought, every new surprise of imagination only gives the preacher a better vantage ground and prepares the people for the final utterances of a sermon which will furnish food for thought for thousands for a lifetime.

Such scenes were almost every-day occurrences in the life of Evans, yet he seemed to never tire in the constant work of preaching and travelling. One great object he always kept in view was to lead the people to have exalted views of Christ and the Christian's hopes. Very often the reason of his making extensive tours was a gigantic effort to remove the debts that rested on many of the places of worship under his pastorate. In fact, he was never clear of the burden of some poor place and poor people. Dissenters did not enjoy the affluence in Wales that they now have. The country squire and his partner in revellings—the parson—found it easy work to put obstacles in the way of building Nonconformist places of worship. But men with the heart and head and tongue of Christmas Evans are not easily quenched. Christmas Evans coming into one's locality was not only a terror to evil-doers, but his brethren got to fear his visits, because he

drained the pockets of the people dry. Like Whitefield he exerted wonderful power over an audience when he pleaded the cause of anything he had at heart.

Let us see him in one of his difficulties. He was then sixty years old and there was some talk of his being put into prison on account of some chapel debts for which he had become responsible. He said: "They talk of carting me into a court of law, where I have never been, and I hope I shall never go; but I will cart them first into the court of Jesus Christ." This he did; prayer was always his remedy in times of trouble and the source of his strength upon all occasions. Christmas Evans' piety would not permit him to depend upon preaching ability for success, nor upon tact and effort in managing the various churches under his care. He was a man who dealt much in communion with God. He had power with God, hence he had power with men. Shortly before the threatened imprisonment, his wife died; of her much that is good might be said: The writer remembers hearing some of the old people in Anglesea sounding her praises. That humble and shabby-looking parsonage at Cildwarn, with such a meagre stipend as Christmas got, would try the patience of any woman. Shortly after the loss of his wife he endured another sore conflict. The churches which had sprung into life under his fostering care got restive and invited ministers of a different type to what Christmas thought best. Friction between pastor and people was the result, and wherever that happens, prosperity takes to itself wings. Some of the people withheld their contributions, so that the miserable salary of forty pounds per year dwindled, and Christmas wisely turned his back on the old mission. Having lately lost his wife, and being now past sixty, he travelled two hundred miles to his new parish in South Wales. Here he remained labouring, with great success, seven years.

His return to the north was hailed with delight. But here again he met his old foe—chapel debt—and at once set about to vanquish it. To this end he made a tour through Wales; as usual, his coming to any place meant large congregations, large collections, and sermons that wrought most powerfully on the hearts and lives of the people. It was his last tour. While in South Wales he was called upon to give up his stewardship. He reached Swansea on the Saturday and preached twice on the following Sabbath, "preached like a seraph." On the Monday evening he

preached in English from the words, "Beginning at Jerusalem." On descending the pulpit stair he was heard to say, "This is my last sermon." The following night he was taken very ill; he continued to get worse. On Friday morning he said to some of his friends at his bedside, "I am hearing you. I have laboured in the sanctuary fifty-three years, and this is my comfort, that I have never laboured in vain." After some other remarks of the same character, he repeated some verses of a favourite Welsh hymn, and then waving his hand exclaimed, "Good-bye! Drive on!' Thus died the great and good man, in his seventy-third year and fifty-fourth of his ministry, on July 19th, 1838.

Not only the Baptists but all Dissenters in Wales felt they had lost "a prince and a great man." Often in our early days have winter evenings been spent listening to the old folk relating the doings and sayings in the pulpit and out of it of "old Christmas Evans." Though Wales produced some mighty men for her pulpits since, and has many now of whom the English know too little, yet Christmas Evans' mantle fell not on any of her sons.

HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.

"WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHASTENETH."

BY OWEN INNSLY.

EVEN as the sculptor's chisel, flake on flake,
Scales off the marble, till the beauty, pent,
Sleeping within the block's imprisonment,
Beneath the wounding strokes begin to wake,

So love, which the high gods have chosen to make
The sharpest instrument, has shaped and bent
The stubborn spirit, till it yields, content,
Its few and slender graces for love's sake.

But the perfected statue proudly wears
Its whiteness for the world to see and prize,
The past hurt buried in forgetfulness;

While the imperfect nature, grown more wise,
Turns with its newborn good, the streaming tears
Of pain undried, the chastening Hand to bless.

—*Century Magazine.*

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

X.—FOUNTAIN SPRAYS.

"And know their spring, their head, their true descent."
—*Shakespeare.*

"That each may find its most propitious light
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost."
—*Cowper.*

A GOOD deal of interest will be found to gather around the genesis of Charles Wesley's hymns. The occasion that gave them birth is often curious, sometimes romantic, and always exegetical, shedding a divining light upon them as the candle did on the lost coin in the parable. Their historical setting will lend an added charm to their intrinsic merit. Without attempting more than a brief and cursory treatment of this wide theme, we shall endeavour to trace back a few of our author's hymns to their source and fountain, and watch them leap and fall, as it were, in glistening sprays.

The hymn, "Congratulation to a Friend upon Believing in Christ," is believed to be addressed to his brother John on the occasion of his "finding peace:"

"What morn on thee with sweeter ray,
Or brighter lustre e'er hath shined?
Be blest the memorable day
That gave thee Jesus Christ to find!
Gave thee to taste His perfect grace,
From death to life in Him to pass! . . .

Still may His love thy fortress be,
And make thee still His darling care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish thee,
On eagle's wings thy spirit bear:
Fill thee with heaven, and ever shed
His choicest blessings on thy head."

And how prophetic the eleventh stanza of this hymn of thirteen stanzas:

"Fired with the thought, I see thee now
Triumphant meet the King of Fears!

Steadfast thy heart, serene thy brow;
Divinely confident appears
Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,
And swells to be dissolved in God."

When our poet was converted he shrank from publishing abroad what God had done for his soul, until Peter Boehler, the pious Moravian, to whom Methodism is so much indebted for instructing the Wesleys in the way of the Lord, as Aquila and Priscilla instructed Apollos, said to him: "If you had a thousand tongues you should publish it with them all," which led him to write on the first anniversary of his conversion the hymn of eighteen four line stanzas containing the familiar lines:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace."

In the course of a lovefeast on one occasion, a good sister, giving her experience, said she had reached a point at which she had become as holy as God Himself, when Charles Wesley at once rose in the pulpit and remarked that God had given that woman a new heart, but certainly not a new head, or she would not have spoken as she had. Retiring from the chapel with his heart hot within him, our poet began composing the hymn:

"Holy as Thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all Thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from Thee."

One of the most curious of his compositions is a hymn entitled: "A Prayer for the First Martyr," meaning the first victim who should die in the cause of Methodism; and in those days of bitter persecution such a contingency appeared by no means remote. In this hymn of ten stanzas occur the following:

"Prepare the soul Thou first shalt call
To own in death the pardoning God,
To die for Him who died for all,
And seal the record with his blood. . . .

Give him before he bows the head,
The sight to fervent Stephen given,
The everlasting doors displayed,
The glories of a widespread heaven."

And thus our bard brightens a dark cloud with an iris and spans the tempest with a bow of poetry.

How ready he was, with the quick and tender touch of poet's pencil, to crayon the passing events of his life, is seen in his two hymns, "For the Universities," written probably in 1744 when the Wesleys were no longer allowed to occupy the pulpit of St. Mary's, at Oxford, thus ending their ministry in connection with that famous seat of learning:

"Teacher Divine, with melting eye
Our ruin'd seats of learning see,
Whose ruling scribes Thy truth deny,
And persecute Thy saints and Thee,
As hired by Satan to suppress,
And root up every seed of grace."

The second hymn is an ingenious application of the narrative in 2 Kings ii. 19, etc.:

"Now, Lord, in answer to our prayer,
Let learning and religion meet,
Pleasant the city stands and fair,
Of piety the ancient seat,
But, O! the streams that murmur round
Are naught, and barren is the ground.

Jesus, our true Elisha, Lord,
And God, the Saviour-God most high,
Thyself give out the healing word,
The gospel cruse with salt supply,
And charge the prophets' sons to bring,
And cast the salt into the spring."

Two remarkable compositions are "The Musician's Hymn" and "The Physician's Hymn." The former was written by our minstrel for John Frederick Lampe, a celebrated German musician, at one time connected with Covent Garden Theatre, but converted to God through reading Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion." He then applied his fine talents in a better cause, composing several hymn tunes which were long in use among the Methodists. At his death Charles Wesley wrote a hymn to his memory, beginning:

"'Tis done! the sovereign will's obey'd!
The soul, by angel guards convey'd,
Has took its seat on high;

The brother of my choice is gone,
To music sweeter than his own,
And concerts in the sky."

The "Musician's Hymn" contains the following striking stanzas:

"Thou God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres:
On Thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choristers. . . .

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the Psalmist's part:
His Son and Thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart. . . .

O might I with Thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir,
Who chant Thy praise above;
Mix'd with the bright musician-band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.

What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than ecstasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesus' glorious voice!"

The "Physician's Hymn" is a twin composition. It was written for a Dr. Middleton, of Bristol. This gentleman having attended many of the Methodists in their last illness, was deeply impressed with their holy resignation in pain, and their peace in death. His attendance upon our poet in his sickness led, it is said, to his conversion when a gray-headed man of three score and ten. In a lengthy hymn of twenty-one eight line stanzas, written on the occasion of his death, our ministrel makes him exclaim:

"'He's come, He's come, in peace and power,
The agony,' he cries, 'is past!
Call'd at my life's eleventh hour,
But called I surely am, at last;

I now in Christ redemption have,
I feel it through the sprinkled blood,
And testify His power to save,
And claim Him for my Lord and God!'"

The "Physician's Hymn" opens:

"Physician, Friend of human kind,
Whose pitying love is pleased to find
A cure for every ill;
By Thee raised up, by Thee bestowed
To do my fellow-creatures good,
I come to serve Thy will.

I come, not like the sordid herd,
Who, mad for honour or reward,
Abuse the healing art:
Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
But kind concern at human pain,
And love constrains my heart."

And through the whole eleven stanzas of this excellent composition our poet puts into the lips of this Christian physician sentiments worthy both of his character and work.

John Wesley's Sermon on Free Grace is perhaps the most powerful and impassioned of all his compositions. It was published in 1740, with the view to settle the minds of his people on the subject of universal redemption. A large extract from it is contained in Southey's "Life of John Wesley," and was read by the Earl of Liverpool, who declared that it was the most eloquent passage he had ever met with in any writer either ancient or modern. To this discourse our poet appended a magnificent hymn of thirty-six four line stanzas, opening thus:

"Hear, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Father of all mankind,
Spirit of truth, eternal Word,
In mystic union join'd! . . .

Thy darling attribute I praise,
Which all alike may prove,—
The glory of Thy boundless grace,
Thy universal love."

And towards the close he adds:

"Grace will I sing, through Jesu's name,
On all mankind bestow'd;

The everlasting truth proclaim,
And seal that truth with blood."

In this wonderful hymn our bard seems caught up to the third heaven of poetic ecstasy and sees the ineffable splendors of redeeming love, and then struggles to make them known.

The perversion of his son Samuel to Romanism led the aged, sorrowing father to utter his grief in a poem as sparkling as a tear and as tender:

"Farewell, my all of earthly hope,
My nature's stay, my age's prop,
Irrevocably gone!
Submissive to the will Divine,
I acquiesce and make it mine;
I offer up my son! . . .

But hear my agonizing prayer,
And O preserve him and prepare
To meet me in the skies,
When throned in bless the Lamb appears,
Repairs my loss, and wipes the tears
Forever from my eyes!"

It is pleasing to know that this prayer was heard and Samuel was won back to the faith of his fathers.

A hymn written in 1782 is entitled: "Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel in America." In that year the War of Independence came to a close, and happier times dawned upon this continent. But notwithstanding "troublous times," the church is built, and none rejoice in this more than our poet.

"Glory to our redeeming Lord,
Whose kingdom over all presides,
While in the chariot of the Word,
And on the whirlwind's wings He rides.

Nothing His rapid course can stay,
Or stop His government's increase;
Earthquakes and plagues prepare His way,
Wars usher in the Prince of peace.

Rebellions, massacres, and blood
On every side as water shed,
Are suffer'd by a righteous God,
That happier days may then succeed.

Even now His word doth swiftly run,
And saving knowledge multiplies,
And still His gracious work goes on,
And still His temple's walls arise."

Not to linger to wearisomeness at the fascinating *fons et origo* of our author's hymns, it is worthy of remark that each is the effusion of a mind singularly sensitive to the touch of circumstance—a mind quick to catch an impression and skilled to give it form. His is the "poet's eye" to see the soul of things, and no less the "poet's pen" to turn it to shape. For this reason his hymns have a certain historic value. They are the rhythmic echo of the life around him. Within the circle in which he moved his verses are what Hamlet would call, "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time" showing "its form and pressure." No genius was ever more responsive. Freely he receives and as freely gives. And whether he pours forth the wealth of his own mind or of that of the world around him, the spectacle is the play of a fountain whose spray are pearls.

INFLUENCE.

We scatter the seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dreary judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love of brethren dear,
Keep then the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in the world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;

A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER XII.—TIMES OF REFRESHING.

> And while the spring airs trembled through the trees,
> The gracious Wind that bloweth where it lists,
> Dispersed the fallacies, the world-breathed mists
> That hid unseen realities. That Breeze
> Unveiled the mysteries of hidden sin,
> And let the all-searching Light flash startlingly within.
>
> —*Under His Shadow.*

For many weeks the revival continued. All through April and May the meetings were kept up every night with unabated fervour and with unfailing success. True, it was the busy season, and the men were toiling through the long spring days, tarring and painting their boats, mending and barking their nets and seines, and getting things generally in order for the approaching "voyage." Yet, night after night, the church was filled, and the sounds of prayer and praise swelled out through the open windows across the placid bight. Scarce a family in the settlement but had been visited by the gracious influences in the conversion of one or more of its members, scarce a heart but had felt, in some degree, the mysterious moving of the subtle spiritual energy, with which the very atmosphere seemed charged. In some homes, indeed, there was a complete change; parents and children had all yielded, one by one, to the divine call, had passed through the throes of spiritual awakening, and now rejoiced together in the common salvation. In others the prayers and efforts of years had, at length, been rewarded, and godly fathers and mothers looked with increased pride, and with something far more exultant than pride, upon strapping lands and comely lasses, born anew into spiritual, serious and joyous vitality, and aflame with holy zeal in every good word and work.

Not only among the grown-up people, however, did the revival influences spread, large numbers of the children of the Sabbath-school were genuinely converted, and manifested the sincerity of

their hearts, and the power of the spiritual life within them, by earnest and continued efforts for the salvation of their young companions and class-mates. Many a night, while the elders were at the church, the children gathered in prayer-meetings, and even in class-meetings, by themselves, in one or other of the houses. Very touching indeed it was, as you passed some lowly cottage, to hear the clear treble of children's voices in "Jesus Loves Me," or "Come to Jesus," or the plaintive pleading of some youthful prayer-leader as he drew near to God; or, peeping in, to see a cluster of serious, earnest-faced little ones, listening to one of their own age, as he spoke of Jesus and His love. Morning, noon and night, the air was vocal with the sweet melodies and sweeter words of favourite hymns. The men sang them as they worked in their stages and about their boats, the women sang them as they pursued their household duties, the children sang them as they passed to and from the school, or gathered in play upon the beach or among the hills. The very blithesomeness of the springtide was intensified by the spiritual warmth that filled the little community, and the common-place round of its activities and interests was dignified and elevated by the divine light that lay upon them, as the bit of broken glass is transfigured into more than diamond brilliancy by the magic touch of a stray sunbeam.

And not alone in Caplin Bight did the holy influence come down; the whole circuit to its remotest preaching place, felt the quickening impulse of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and, in every settlement, hearts "strangely warmed," and lives blessedly changed, testified clearly and unmistakably to the fact of birth from above. Nor was this all. Who that has laboured on the out-port circuits of Newfoundland has not been filled with amazement at the fluency and eloquence of speech, the clearness of idea, the fulness of insight, and the fervour and pathos of expression with which new converts, often utterly illiterate, and by nature modest and shrinking, are enabled to tell of their experience and to appeal to their unconverted friends? Who has not listened with awe as some humble pleader, prostrate before God, has led the congregation in prayer so simple and yet so powerful, so elevated in thought and so striking in phrase, as to be noticeable under any circumstances, and has remembered that the man to whom he was listening had had no teacher save the

Spirit of God, and had been but a few days or hours before stolid, unspiritual, uncouth and unholy. And as these glorious testimonies were given, and these heaven-inspired prayers offered in the cottage meetings and public gatherings, all over the circuit, the minister rejoiced with that exquisite and unspeakable joy which none can realize save those privileged by the Master to be partakers with Him in the work and the reward of harvest.

CHRIST'S DOMAIN.

FROM sea to sea
Shall His dominions be.
According to the promise written;
And He in scorn and insult smitten
Shall bear the welcome salutations
Of long oppressed and weary nations;
And He shall rule,
Star-crowned and beautiful.

He shall come down,
As on the grass new mown
The rain descended from the spaces,
Renewing all earth's tribes and races
With His sweet life and beauty,
Through faith in Him and deeds of duty;
And thus shall He
Hold sway from sea to sea.

And He shall live;
And men to Him shall give
Their treasures as they tell the story
Of His renown and rising glory;
And it shall be a rich oblation
To the Lord of our salvation,
Who from His pain
Went up henceforth to reign.

He shall not fail;
His kingdom shall prevail;
His armies come with royal banners,
Oppressions die 'mid their hosannas;
His chariot is onward speeding,
The cry of His poor ones heeding.
Great Prince, ride on
Till Thou all lands hast won!

THE HIGHER LIFE.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

NOT here, not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters,
"I shall be satisfied," but O not here!
Not here, where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains the goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.
Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied? The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds,
Shall they be satisfied! The soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Whither my weak and weary steps are tending:
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where, all my wandering ending,
I shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied."

REST IN THE LORD.

This is as truly a command as "thou shalt not kill," yet many Christians do not so regard it, and think that while they may lose the enjoyment which wholly resting in the Lord brings, no sin attaches to them; in fact, there are doubtless some who feel that they are to be pitied, that their weary struggling with foes without and fears within is commendable, as showing the sincerity of their spiritual life, forgetting that the Scriptures speak of being *filled* with joy and peace, and that God is able to give us rest "on every side." How can that which is unlike God be pleasing to Him?

Not all Christians, however, are content with endless unrest. How many, seeking in vain for rest here, say, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" and they look forward with eager expectation to rest beyond the river. The reason why such people, though seeking this great blessing earnestly and even prayerfully, fail to obtain it, may be that unconsciously they think that this rest will come through some effort of theirs; if they could attain to a higher level in the Divine life, and their souls were more holy than they think, they might reasonably expect the continuous and permanent rest which they know other believers enjoy.

Self surely in this case stands in the way, for rest, soul rest, is a gift. Christ said, "I will *give* you rest." Rest will not come because we deserve it, nor necessarily because we seek it, but because in His love God is willing to bestow it.

If we only will cease striving, and tell the Lord that we want rest, and ask Him for it, He will say, "*I* am your rest in times of trouble, of temptation, of trial; the rest you cannot find on earth you can always find in Me, and the settled rest you want: for I am the Lord, I change not."

How clearly too God shows us that no flesh should glory in His presence! Resting in the Lord, we are but like weak and tired children lying in their Father's arms, their very attitude a token of their helplessness. How foolish it would be to think that resting is a merit! It is only not doing, but ceasing to do, lying still and being carried. Oh! the unutterable tenderness of the great Father of our spirits in bidding us come to Him, and rest in Himself! We must *obey* to rest. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

We cannot, however, find this rest, so free, so unmerited, unless we surrender all to Him; our will must be in entire subjection to His: for our rest is IN THE LORD, and the slightest departure from what we know to be His will means that unrest creeps in instead of rest, and quietness and assurance flee away. —*King's Highway.*

WATCH.

"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." How great is the loving-kindness of these words! How gently does Christ bear with the weakness of His disciples! But this thought

may be the most blessed or the most dangerous thought in the world; the most blessed if it touches us with love, the most dangerous if it emboldens us in sin. He is full of loving-kindness, full of long-suffering; for days, and weeks, and months, and years He bears with us. We grieve Him, and He entreats; we crucify Him afresh, yet He will not come down from His cross in power and majesty. He endures and spares. So it is for days and months and years. There are some who go on grieving Christ and crucifying Him afresh for as much as seventy years, and He will bear with them all that time, and His sun will daily shine upon them, and His creatures and His word will minister to their pleasure, and He Himself will say nothing to them but to entreat them to turn and be saved. But as these ten, or twenty, or fifty, or seventy years pass on, Christ will not spare us; but His voice of entreaty will be less often heard; the distance between Him and us will be consciously wider. From one place after another where we used to see Him He will have departed. Year after year some object which used once to catch the light from heaven will have become overgrown, and will lie constantly in gloom; year after year the world will become more entirely devoid of God. If sorrow or some softening joy ever turns our mind toward Christ, we shall be startled at perceiving there is something that keeps us from Him, that we cannot earnestly believe in Him; that if we speak of loving Him, our hearts, which can still love earthly things, feel that the words are but a mockery. Alas, alas! the increased weakness of our flesh has destroyed all the power of our spirit, and almost all its willingness. It is bound with chains which it cannot break, and, indeed, scarcely desires to break. Redemption, salvation, victory—what words are these when applied to that enslaved, that lost, that utterly overthrown and vanquished soul, which sin is leading in triumph now, and which will speedily be given over to walk forever as a captain in the eternal triumph of death. Not one word of what I have said is raised beyond the simplest expression of truth. This is our portion if we will not watch with Christ. We know how often we have failed to do so, either sleeping in carelessness, or being busy and wakeful, but not with Him or for Him. Still He calls us to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation; to mark our lives and actions; to see whether we have done well or ill in the month, or week, or day

past; to consider whether we are better or worse than we were, whether we are more or less cold toward Him. I know not what else can be called watching with Christ than such a looking into ourselves as we are in His sight. It is very hard to be done —harder, perhaps, than anything we ever attempted before—and, therefore, we must pray for His strength, which is perfected in our weakness.—*Thomas Arnold, D.D.*

A PLEA FOR PROHIBITION.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE strong defence of the liquor traffic that is urged is that the revenue, forsooth, would suffer by its suppression.

"The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot. The ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold for Parliament to vote away.
Drink and be mad, then, 'tis your country bids:
Gloriously drunk—obey the important call:
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats.
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

In the first place, it is a mistaken notion that the budget of the country is aided by the liquor traffic. Although the revenue derived from the excise and customs' duty on liquor is large, yet when we consider the immense *contra* account, representing the cost of the pauperism and of the repression of crime caused by the traffic, as well as the perversion of capital from productive industries, there will be found an enormous balance of loss, instead of gain.

The Rev. John Wesley puts this very clearly in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6, 1784. The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," he says, "cost 20,000 lives of his Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered dead men pay no taxes; so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains."

This was also shown from the fact that when, in consequence of Father Mathews' temperance labours in Ireland, the revenues from liquors fell off £300,000, that, from the taxable increase of the comforts and luxuries of the people it advanced £390,000, showing a clear gain of £90,000 in the revenue, besides the immense reduction in pauperism, crime and disease.

But even if it were not so; supposing that the revenue of the country must suffer, better a thousandfold that it should than that the exchequer of the country should be replenished with the price of blood.

The opponents of prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament?—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing, but rather of perpetuating, it. Experience has shown that the restriction of the traffic is always followed by a decrease in crime, a diminution of poverty, and an increase of the other and profitable branches of trade. For it is the vicious peculiarity of the liquor traffic that it is not governed, as other legitimate branches of commerce are, by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but that it creates an unnatural and unhealthy demand for strong drink, stimulating and increasing the appetite to which it ministers, which, when the facilities for its indulgence are removed, dies away of itself. It may be true, as the opponents of prohibition assert, that if a man chooses to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of prohibition. But few men deliberately choose to get drunk; they are overcome before they are aware. They dally with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny, that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

Vested Rights.

We are met at the outset with a remonstrance against the injury that would be done to the vested rights of the trade by legal prohibition. It is true that vast sums are invested in this business. The great brewers and distillers have grown enormously rich by the manufacture, and have entrenched themselves in the strength which the influence of great riches gives. But is their private interest to stand in the way of the welfare of the nation? By long immunity the traffic has grown to enormous magnitude and increased the difficulty of its suppression. But its very magnitude has also increased the necessity for that step, and if the problem be earnestly grappled with it may be solved. It were better and cheaper a thousand-fold to buy out the entire liquor interest and thus deliver the land from this curse and crime, rather than let it groan beneath its burden for years to come. Doubtless the diversion of so much capital to other and more useful industries would cause temporary confusion, as the repeal of the corn-laws, the disendowment of the Irish Church, and other sweeping reforms, but it would also be attended with great and permanent benefit that would far outweigh any transient disadvantage.

The Constitutionality of Prohibition.

We are met, at every attempt to suppress the traffic, by an outcry against the unconstitutionality of legal prohibition. We are told that it is an invasion of the liberty of the subject—of his sacred rights as a free-born Briton. But no man has the right to injure his neighbour, either with or without his consent; and whoever engages as a principal or accessory in the liquor traffic is guilty of an offence against society, and especially of a grievous wrong against the victims of that traffic. The fact that no one has the natural right to sell this death-dealing poison is implied in the Government license system, which abitrarily confers the legal privilege—the moral right it cannot give—on a certain limited number for a certain sum of money, and may as justly, nay, much more justly, withhold that privilege from all than grant it to any.

The law will not allow any one to sell tainted or unwholesome food, and the wilful adulteration of food renders the perpetrators of the offence amenable to severe penalties. In many places, too, no druggist may sell poisons without the authority of a medical certificate, and no one thinks these wholesome restrictions

unconstitutional. Why, then, should the prohibition of the sale of those pernicious beverages, which poison more men and women in a week than all the adulterated food and noxious drugs in the country in an entire year, be considered unconstitutional?

No man may carry his theory of personal liberty to such an extent as to injure the health or property, or to destroy the comfort, of his neighbour. He may not carry on an offensive or deleterious trade near the habitation of man, nor pollute the air or water, which are common to all. In this class of public nuisances Blackstone includes "all disorderly inns or ale-houses, gaming-houses," and places of still viler resort. See also the same general views enunciated in Mill's celebrated "Essay on Liberty," although its distinguished author is opposed to legal prohibition. Yet there is no property which so certainly and uniformly works evil in a community as that employed in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

"If penal legislation," writes Pierpont, "be justified in any case, why not in this? If it be penal to kill your neighbour with a bullet, why should it not be penal to kill him with the bowl? If it be penal to take away life by poison which does its work in six hours, why not penal to do so by one which takes six years for its deadly operation? Arsenic takes away animal life merely, while alcohol gives not only ten times the amount of animal agony, but also destroys the soul, sapping all moral feeling, quenching all intellectual light. Therefore," he says, "I ask a more severe punishment for that crime which works the moral and immortal ruin, than for that whose touch overturns a mere tenement of clay." Yet, with a glaring inconsistency, the Government, whose function is surely not less the prevention of crime, where that is possible, than its punishment, will authorize the manufacture and sale of that, the legitimate and inseparable consequences of which it relentlessly punishes.

In the Province of Ontario, the law does regard the liquor dealer as responsible for the result of the traffic; and if any disastrous consequences accrue from the sale of liquor, he may be amerced in a heavy fine. But much more is any Government morally responsible for the resulting evils, which, for paltry pelf, will legalize a traffic injurious to the best interests of society, which supplies the stimulant that nerves the assassin's arm and kindles the incendiary's torch, and then inflicts the extreme penalty for arson or murder.

Opinions of Jurists and Legislators.

The constitutionality of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic has been asserted, time after time, by the highest legislative and judicial authorities in the land. Speaking even of private vices, that illustrious commentator on the laws of England, Sir Wm. Blackstone, says: "Let a man be ever so abandoned in his principles, or vicious in his practice, provided he keep his wickedness to himself, and does not offend against the rules of public decency, he is out of the reach of human laws; but if he makes his vices public, though they be such as seem principally to affect himself, as drunkenness and the like, they then become, by the bad example they set, of pernicious effect to society, and therefore it is then the business of human laws to correct them." Much more is this the case when he becomes the active agent in disseminating a virulent evil among all classes of the community. Similar is the view taken by that eminent jurist, Vattel, who exclaims: "Let Government banish from the State whatever is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people."

A century and a-quarter ago, in the celebrated debate on the Gin Act, when the distillers flooded London with their poisonous liquors, drunkards lay in heaps in the streets, and the Government was defied by the mob, the Bishop of Oxford thus addressed the House of Lords: "The increase of the sale of distilled spirits and the propagation of all kinds of wickedness are the same.

It has been found by experience that nothing can restrain the people from buying these liquors but such laws as hinder them from being sold."

On the same occasion, Lord Chesterfield truthfully remarked : "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulty of the law be what it will. None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license for the use of that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay for it. Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? . . . It appears to me that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour, for I never heard that a tax against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that really if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end and to interpose while it is yet n our power to stop the destruction."

Lord Hervey, on the same occasion, said : "Almost every legislator in the world, my lords, from whatever original he derived his authority, has exerted it in the prohibition of such foods as tended to injure the health and destroy the vigour of the people for whom he designed his institutions. The prohibition of these commodities which are instrumental to vice is not only dictated by policy, but by nature."

That distinguished jurist, Lord Brougham, has thus expressed his opinion on the constitutionality of prohibition : "Intemperance," he says, "is the common enemy. The philanthropist has no more sacred duty than to mitigate, if he cannot remove, this enormous evil. The lawgiver is imperatively bound to lend his aid, when it appears manifest that no palliatives can avail. Certainly we have the example of the United States to prove that repression is practicable, and their experience to guide us toward it."

It has been demonstrated that every restriction of the liquor traffic has been attended with corresponding moral, social, and financial benefit, and in all cases proportionate to the extent of the restriction. The people of Canada have the sacred right to be delivered from that awful scourge which is desolating the community. Let them arise in the majesty of their might and demand, in tones which those that make the laws shall understand, the repeal of those statutes which grant for a paltry fee the privilege of making men beggars, ruffians, and rogues ; which sends them to perdition according to law, and ruins body, soul, and estate under the authority of an Act of Parliament. Such a *vox populi* will be indeed the *vox Dei*, and like His resistless Word shall not be unfulfilled.

I WILL not dream in vain despair,
  The steps of progress wait for me ;
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
  A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
  And yet not mine if understood ;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
  And God shall make the balance good.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Socialism and the Churches.

It cannot be denied that the relations between capital and labour are severely strained. There is in the great manufacturing and mining districts of the United States a vast amount of discontent among the industrial classes. Especially is this the case where there is a large foreign element, which is frequently saturated with infidel and communistic theories. Hence we have such outbreaks as those which have disgraced Cleveland, Chicago, and the Pennsylvania coal regions. The real danger of this discontent is that there is some occasion for it. Soulless corporations often grind the faces of the poor. The street car-drivers of New York and Chicago are often compelled to work sixteen hours a day for seven days in the week for wages which scarce suffice to keep body and soul together. Girls and women work for Jew tailors —veritable Shylocks—for a starvation pittance. While mining capital earns large dividends, those whose only capital is their jaded muscle and weary nerve often live in wretched penury. Often vice and intemperance aggravate these evils. But often they do not; for those who keep hunger at bay with the needle's point or with the labourer's pick have no time and no money to waste in dissipation and intemperance. It is generally the idle rich or lazy poor who are the patrons or victims of vice and immorality. Industry is a great preserver of virtue. Small wonder that the toiling, hopeless masses huddled in swarming tenement houses, where health and decency are impossible, look with covetous eye on the accumulated wealth they see around them and come to think that the good things of this world are ill distributed—that if they were rightly divided the poor would not live in such grinding poverty, nor the rich flaunt in such lavish luxury. It is in vain to lecture them on the iron laws of political economy, to them the "dismal science" indeed.

There is, we think, only one solution of this vexed question of the times—the diffusion of more of the spirit of Christ and Christianity in the community—not merely in the Churches and charities of the age, but in its trades and industries and manufactures. The principle of co-operation, of "sharing the profits," has been found where it has been tried most successful in repressing discontent, in inspiring hope and happiness in the hearts of the labouring classes. In the great works of Sir Titus Salt, of the Tangys, and Cadburys, of Birmingham, in the vast *Bon Marché* in Paris, this plan has been employed with the greatest advantage, not only in a moral and social, but also in an economical point of view. The mission of the Churches is to bind in bonds of Christian brotherhood the lofty and the lowly, to make the spirit of the golden rule an ever active principle, to cause the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak. Then shall a true Christian Communism prevail. Industry, and thrift, and happiness shall reward the toil of the poor, and the rich shall find a sweeter pleasure in helping the needy than in hoarding their wealth and adding field to field and farm to farm.

Aggressive Christianity.

It is gratifying to know that never has Methodism,—which was well characterized by Dr. Chalmers as "Christianity in Earnest"—been more active in its operations in Canada than at present. The marvellous record of last year's successes, we believe, has never been paralleled among us, if indeed it has ever been paralleled anywhere. The Church is in earnest in using both ordinary and extraordinary means in promot-

ing revivals and building up the cause of God. The appointment of a number of Conference evangelists —men of special gifts and aptitudes for the special work to which they are assigned—shows the sympathy of the Church with this mode of application of those revival methods which are as old as Methodism. The remarkable successes which have attended the labours of Bro. Savage's bands in the west, and of the Belleville and other bands in the east, show the adaptation of those special methods to the necessities of the times. Our brethren in England have also been largely adopting similar special agencies for revival work. It is certainly much better to employ the energies of lay workers —of whom there is a great reserve force in Methodism—under the direction and oversight of the Church, than to let them be employed without its oversight and beyond its control. The organized Church, with its time-honoured institutions and sacraments, with its Sabbath-schools and class meetings, its pastors and teachers, can surely better feed and foster the new converts gathered into Christ's fold, than can any other means. Then these authorized special agencies always work in association and in harmony with the pastors of the local churches, never in rivalry nor in opposition. But, after all, the great bulk, so to speak, of the evangelizing work of our Church must be done through its regular agencies. So it has been in the past, so will it doubtless be in the future. The seventeen hundred Methodist ministers in Canada are the appointed leaders of the Methodist division of the Lord's army in this land. They will, of course, take advantage of every agency which is available; but it is theirs to organize and direct the work; it is theirs to plan, and toil, and pray for a revival on every circuit, for salvation in every home.

Methodism in Cities.

No less in the cities than in the country is the religious activity of Methodism apparent. This was strikingly illustrated in this city last winter. Scarce a Methodist church was without its revival, in some of which hundreds of souls were gathered into Church fellowship. What is true of Toronto we believe is also true of Hamilton, London, Montreal, and other Canadian cities. But there are classes in the cities whom it is difficult, if not impossible, to reach through the regular church agencies. There are multitudes who almost never enter a church door. Is there any way to reach them? Can we go into the highways and byways and compel them to come in? We think the Methodists of Louisville, Kentucky, have, to a wonderful degree, succeeded in solving this problem. They have opened in one of the most crowded thoroughfares—in the very midst of the lager beer and whisky saloons, and cigar divans—a mission room. It is partly under ground, but is clean and comfortable and healthful. This is kept open every night of the year, and year after year. One of the most remarkable demonstrations of the power of God to save the vilest and the worst we ever saw was in that room. The manager of the mission is himself a monument of grace. Every one knows Steve Holcomb, once a notorious gambler, now in zeal and soul-saving success a very apostle. He follows his old cronies, and the fallen and wandering sons of sin and shame, and gives them no rest till he gets them to his meetings and sees them converted to God. At a meeting we attended, nearly a score stood up, one after another, and told how by the stress of this holy compulsion he had brought them to the Saviour.

"I always respected Steve Holcomb," said one of these, "even when as gamblers we sat at the same table night after night. There was always something frank and manly about him. When he got religion, as he called it, I watched him to see whether he was a fraud or not, and had I seen a single slip or failure, I never would have been here."

"I didn't know that any one was watching me," said Mr. Holcomb, "but I call you all to witness that

since the day of my conversion I have endeavoured to walk void of offence towards God and towards man." He then, in a conversational way, spoke of the condition in which he found some of the restored drunkards and others in the room.

"I hope you won't tell them how you found me," said one respectable-looking man, and then proceeded himself to describe the pit whence he was digged.

The influence of this mission in the community is marvellous. Similar also is the work of the famous Jerry Macaulay Mission, in Water Street, New York, which we lately visited. It is situated in one of the vilest purlieus of New York, under the arches of the great Brooklyn bridge. The neighborhood abounds with sailors' boarding-houses, taverns and worse; yet a policeman informed us that it was greatly improved through the influence of the mission. Poor Jerry, himself a reformed criminal, has gone to his rest and reward; but a worthy successor occupied his place. One after another restored drunkards, jail-birds, and thieves confessed their indebtedness to the mission, and urged the dock rats, roustabouts, and long-shore men who, dirty, ragged and unkempt, formed part of the congregation, to seek the same great salvation. Several Christian workers, some of them refined and well-dressed ladies, went among the audience, and, we believe, every one in the house got a shake hands and a word of personal greeting, and not a few were melted to contrition and tears. We doubt if any of the stately churches of that wealthy city presented that night as grand a demonstration of the saving and sanctifying power of our holy religion.

In our Canadian cities there is perhaps not the same opportunity nor the same need for this kind of work that there is in New York. But doubtless in Toronto and Montreal there are many who could be reached by such means who can scarce be reached by any other. We are glad to know that one of our Methodist churches in this city—the Agnes Street church—is open for evangelistic work, we believe, every night of the year, or nearly every night, and the pastor, the Rev. J. M. Kerr, assisted by a faithful band of zealous workers, is doing much the same sort of work in Toronto that Mr. Holcomb is doing in Louisville. There is probably the need and opportunity of doing similar work elsewhere.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference at its late session took strong ground respecting the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, which will strengthen the hands of those who are engaged in the laudable work of protecting the morals of young girls, and saving them from a life of infamy which is dreadful to contemplate.

Several suggestions and memorials were sent in regarding various changes in the Discipline, the most important of which related to the term of the itinerancy. Some would like to have the term extended; but there was very little discussion on the question, inasmuch as no change can be made without the authority of an Act of Parliament.

The death roll was a large one, there being no less than 41 deaths, 29 of which were in Great Britain; of these 13 had been in the ministry

forty years and upwards; 4, fifty years and upwards, and 5 had been sixty years and upwards.

The Rev. J. A. Beet, the well-known commentator on certain portions of Scripture, succeeds Dr. Osborn as theological tutor.

There were 77 candidates received for the ministry, 39 of whom were for home, and 38 for the foreign work. The number is inadequate to the wants of the Connexion.

The Book-Room has had another successful year, having secured more than $21,000 profits; $17,000 of which were donated to the funds for aged ministers, and the balance to Home and Irish Missions.

The Conference expressed itself very strongly against the practice of ministers reading, instead of preaching, their sermons.

The most important appointment probably made was the London Mission. This is a new departure, and is to consist, not only of mission work in the ordinary sense of the term, but also to include coffee-rooms, etc. Two ministers are set apart to this work, one in the east and the other in the west part of London. With those missionaries laymen will be associated, who will labour among the outcast portion of the community. See the article on this mission in another part of this MAGAZINE.

Great attention is being paid to district missionaries or evangelists, and a number of young men are in training for this work.

During the year 121 churches were erected, also 127 churches had undergone alterations. The total cost of all these amounted to $1,662,430, $1,108,920 of which had been contributed. Of the churches 92 are in places where none had existed before.

There is a fund in connection with the Conference for the "Extension of Methodism in Great Britain," the secretary of which is Rev. J. Hargreaves, a superannuated minister, who is 80 years of age. Its object is to assist in building small churches in villages. During the year 91 grants had been made, making in all 832 since the fund was formed. The aid granted during the past year will provide for 16,409 additional sittings.

Additional churches are being erected in London, and Sir W. McArthur has started a new movement by subscribing $50,000 for five years, providing a similar amount is procured from other sources. He wants to see $40,000 raised annually and spent in church erections.

The report on Foreign Missions was elaborate and full of valuable information. A lengthy debate was held on the finances, which are not equal to the needs of the Society. Some insist upon the expenditure and the income being made equal, but others argue for taking up new missions wherever needed and then appeal to the people for the money. It was ultimately agreed that the committee should be allowed to act pretty much as circumstances seemed to justify.

The Rev. J. Halligey has been appointed a missionary to the Niger. He leaves his wife and five children and goes out alone to Africa. In taking leave of the Conference he said: "I do not fear the perils of travel; I do not fear the climate, but I have a mournful dread of attempting the task awaiting me without the sympathy and support of the Church whose servant I am. Reference has been made to the Congo and the work of the Baptist missionaries on that river; but does the Conference know that we already have a footing in the tropical country twice as far from the coast as the Baptist one at Stanley Pool. I hope to be there myself before this time next year."

The debate on Methodist union was styled "breezy." Some of the older members of the Conference move slowly and do not seem to desire any changes in the workings of the Church. The younger men are more radical and would gladly liberalize the Connexion for the sake of taking in the other bodies of Methodism. A kindly spirit prevails among all the branches of Methodism.

The following statistics will give our readers some idea of the work done at Conference. Number of letters posted at the Conference

post office, 26,000; delivered, 10,000; telegrams sent and received, 2,500.

The centenary of the seraphic Fletcher was celebrated at Madeley, where he died, with appropriate services, in which the Rev. Dr. Osborn, J. Hartley, and the vicar of the parish, all took part. There were Sabbath services, including a love-feast. The foundation-stone of a memorial Methodist church was laid. The whole of the services were richly spiritual.

The British Government in India has resolved that in each and every one of more than 400,000 towns and villages of the Queen's vast Indian Empire, shall be established an efficient primary school for native children. The Wesleyan Missionary Society asks for $25,000 to plant 250 schools which the Government will liberally aid.

United Methodist Free Churches' Assembly.

It being fifty years since the foundation of the denomination, a commemoration fund, had been raised in honour of the jubilee; $70,000 had been subscribed, more than half of which had been expended on missions.

The Book-Room reported $20,000 profits.

Three evangelists are employed in the Connexion who have laboured in sixty circuits, and report 1,600 cases of conversion. The Connexion pays great attention to the cause of Temperance. 499 Bands of Hope are established, which contain 47,103 members. The total membership of the Church is 76,386, an increase of 544 on the year.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The Woman's Board of Missions at their recent session in Knoxville subscribed $8,000 in response to a call from Miss Laura A. Haygood, missionary at Shanghai, for the establishment of a high school for the better classes of Chinese girls.

The Rev. Sam. Jones, the Southern Methodist evangelist, is producing a wonderful commotion wherever he goes. At Plattsburgh, Missouri, the mayor issued a proclamation for July 2nd to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, and earnestly requested that all secular pursuits should be laid aside that day and that all the people should attend religious services at the camp-meeting in the immediate vicinity.

The evangelist has a wonderful faculty of applying the truth. At Waco, Texas, he replied to a brother who said, "I feel as though I was not a bit account in the world." "Well, you are just now beginning to feel natural." Another said, "Brother Jones, I felt awful mean about the way I acted; I am sorry for it." He replied, "Sorrow ain't worth a cent unless you *have quit.* Do you feel mean enough to make you *quit?* If you don't, you don't feel as mean as you are."

As the result of the revival under his preaching in Nashville, Tenn., 450 persons were received into the churches in one day. Liquor men, both wholesale and retail, have closed up and joined the Church. An owner of a steamboat line on Cumberland River has closed the bars on all his boats, and has headed a subscription to erect a suitable building for the Young Men's Christian Asociation with $1,000.

The Rev. Dr. Stokes writes us from Ocean Grove, N. J., that their camp meeting has closed gloriously, with between four hundred and five hundred conversions.

More Methodist Union.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church and the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church are progressing in their movement for organic union. A commission of twenty-four delegates, representing equally and officially these Churches, met at Washington city a few days ago. Only three of the twenty-four voted in the final action against the union of he two bodies.

The Methodist Church.

The Rev. Messrs. Cassidy and Langille were moving to their new

circuits when the vessel, the *Edgar Stuart*, by which they sent their goods was wrecked, and these brethren lost their libraries, and many other valuable articles. The brethren in the Eastern Provinces have most generously contributed towards the relief of their suffering brethren, for whom they both write grateful words to the Editor of the *Wesleyan*.

A pleasant incident occurred at the recent Montreal Conference which was held at Kingston. As the vote was being taken against the amendments of the Senate on the the Scott Act, all the members rose to their feet and cheered again and again. The Rev. Mr. McQuaig, Presbyterian minister, was present and rose to his feet and voted. He said, "I well knew that it was the first Methodist vote I had given, but my heart was so full I could not keep my seat. I believe the time will come when party politics will be ploughed up in the interest of temperance. The Presbyterian Church is heartily in sympathy with this work."

Items.

Bishop Crowther, of the Niger River, is to have a new steamer for his mission. It is named after the ever-to-be-remembered English Missionary Secretary, *Henry Venn*. She was launched May 22.

Only sixteen years ago the first mission was established in Japan by the American Board of Missions. Now the empire has 120 Protestant churches with 8,000 members, and the Government favours Protestant Christianity and encourages theological schools. The churches are mostly self-supporting, and the missionary work is chiefly done by native preachers and teachers.

A recent report states that of the native Christians in the Japanese churches only one-fourth are females. This is owing to the restrictions that have long operated against women, which are gradually being removed under the influence of Christianity.

Akashi, a city of 17,000 inhabitants in Japan, where the American Board has a mission, has been greatly benefited by the late revival in that empire, one of the results being the maintenance of a four o'clock morning prayer-meeting.

The first book printed in the language of the Congo is a translation of the Gospel of John. It is the work of a Swedish missionary, Vestlind, who has laboured for many years under the Swedish Missionary Society.

Only thirty-five Christian Israelites were known to be in all England at the beginning of this century. Since then more than 100 Jews have been ordained as clergymen in the Church of England. In one way or another it is thought that 1,500 Jews leave the Synagogue for the Christian Church every year.

Miss Baxter, of Scotland, during her life gave to the London Missionary Society $35,000 in special gifts and nearly $43,000 more in ships for the New Guinea Mission. The cause of missions furthermore so enlisted her sympathies that she left a legacy of $25,000 for the work.

Death Roll.

Rev. J. G. Hennegar. — This venerable minister, who has recently departed this life, was received on trial in 1826, and after seven years' toil in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton he was sent to Newfoundland, where he spent seven years more. He then returned to Nova Scotia and spent the rest of the years of his active ministry in that province and New Brunswick. For six years he was Chairman of District and one year President of the Eastern British American Conference. In 1873, he took a superannuated relation, which he held until his death, August, 1885. He was a man greatly beloved. One of his colleagues said that his kindly spirit, genial, cheerful countenance and faithful and effective labour made him a special favourite in every circuit. He was truly the father of the ministers in the Maritime Provinces, having been in the ministry nearly sixty years.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion, largely derived from Original Sources and Documents. By JOHN CHARLES DENT, Author of "*The Last Forty Years*," etc. Vol. I. 4to., pp. 384. Full gilt, price $4.

By this important work Mr. Dent has laid Canadian readers under a new debt of obligation. When completed it will be the fullest and best account of the Upper Canadian Rebellion ever published. It is a worthy complement of his admirable "Last Forty Years." The two together trace the development of constitutional governmant in Canada in an exceedingly instructive manner. Probably nowhere else can that development be more admirably studied than in the isolated colonial community of Upper Canada. Here can be clearly seen the stages by which

Freedom slowly broadened down.

It was not without much heroic effort that the liberties which we today enjoy were won for us by the constitutional reformers to whom Liberals and Conservatives alike acknowledge their debt of gratitude.

It is a strange social and political world to which these pages introduce us, and it seems almost incredible that it is within the memory of men yet living. Who, for instance, would think that in 1827 a boy was capitally convicted and sentenced to death in the town of York for killing a cow; or that, seven years later, a woman was placed in the pillory in the public square—and that by the order of the champion of popular rights, William Lyon Mackenzie? The narrative possesses a wonderfully dramatic interest. Mr. Dent has clearly apprehended the great principles involved, and with a unity like that of a Greek play has unfolded scene after scene, leading inevitably to the tragic *dénoûement*. He possesses an exceedingly picturesque style, and, with much of the skill of a Sir Walter Scott, makes the dead past live again. While it is apparent on every page that he designs to be scrupulously candid and fair to either party, this is no neutral-tinted, torpid narrative. It glows with colour and throbs with life. He clearly avows his sympathies, and the whole volume is a tremendous indictment of the evils of the time. He does not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and is the master of a particularly trenchant style. Indeed we are not sure but that some of his phrases, from their very energy, scarce comport with the dignity of so admirable a history as this. But this very vivacity of treatment makes the old and mouldy colonial chronicles as interesting as a romance.

The volume opens with a dramatic description of a famous political trial in the old court-house of Niagara—that of Robert Gourlay, a grievance-monger, who antedated the Mackenzie agitation by a score of years. Notwithstanding the crankiness of the victim, the record of his sufferings stirs the indignant blood in our veins. The leading characters of old colonial life are strongly and clearly limned. They are not dim faded pictures, but vivid portraits, like those of Rembrandt's Dutch burghers, whose lips seem to move and their eyes to follow the observer. What lends special interest to the narrative is the fact, that most adult readers have known many of the actors in this stirring drama—Sir J. B. Robinson, Dr. Strachan, the two Baldwins, Rolph, Mackenzie, Dr. Ryerson and others who pass before us. The story is brought down to the very outbreak of the rebellion. The fascinating character of the first volume makes us impatient for the completion of the second. The me-

chanical execution of the book is a credit to Canadian printing and binding. It is a handsome quarto, full gilt, with a vignette of the steamer *Caroline* going over the Falls, steel portraits of Dr. Rolph and David Gibson, and a steel print of the escape of Ald. Powell from the insurrectionary leaders.

Elijah the Reformer; a Ballad Epic and other Sacred and Religious Poems. By GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Sq. 8vo., pp. 281. Price, $1.50.

It is an interesting coincidence that Dr. Taylor's fine ballad epic on Elijah appears just at the time that some seven millions of teachers and scholars are studying the character of the great Hebrew reformer. And few nobler themes for poetic treatment can be found in the whole range of history. It lacks no element of the sublime; and, like a stern Nemesis, follows the tragic fate of Jezebel. Dr. Taylor rises to the height of this august theme, and gives a noble poem thereon. The other poems are chiefly resonant renderings of some of the more striking stories of Holy Writ. There are, however, two striking exceptions—"The Prophecy of Wisdom, a Philosophical Ode," and "De Profundis via Crucis, a Theodicy"—the record of the solution of some of the profoundest problems in the universe—"Out of the depths by the way of the Cross." This volume shows that poesy is not merely the flowery decoration of a sentimental love story. It may be also the condensed and vigorous argument in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" on the most august themes which the human mind is capable of contemplating. The author in these Christian lyrics has laid a noble tribute of Christian thought, and scholarship, and genius at the feet of the world's Redeemer. His poems will not only deserve to be read, but to be re-read and profoundly studied. The grace of versification will be seen from the following extract from a fine poem on "A Vision of the Ages:"

"Down the ages dim and olden,
Where the shadows gray and golden,
Gather till they melt and mingle,
Like the shades in dell and dingle,
When the twilight gently closing,
Kisses earth to soft reposing,
Down those ages, dim and olden,
Through those shadows gray and golden,
Oft in thought I roam and ponder,
Dream, and long, and love, and wonder."

Journeys in Alaska. By E. RUHAMAH SCIDMORE. Illustrated, pp. 333. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This book possesses special interest to Canadian readers from the fact that it describes a considerable part of our Pacific possessions, and also more fully our northern neighbour, whose character and resources are very much akin to those of British Columbia. The writer, who depicts with a vivid pen, grows enthusiastic over the magnificent scenery of the Pacific coast, surpassing the grandeur of Norwegian fiords, or the famous valley of Yosemite: "The valley of the Stikine is a Yosemite a hundred miles long." Few persons are aware that Alaska is nine times the size of New England; that Sitka, the capital, is only in the latitude of Balmoral, and its climate is for the most part mild and salubrious. Our own Victoria, the writer avers, has a "perfect climate," and the vegetation is of surprising exuberance. There are eleven hundred islands in this wonderful northern archipelago, and seven thousand miles of coast line on the mainland. The writer pays a fine tribute to the mission work of the Churches, and gives a graphic account of the mining, fishing, and other industries of the country. Indian life and character are well treated, and reference is made to Clah, a converted Indian from Port Simpson, who first carried the gospel to Fort Wrangell. The glaciers that lie "glittering like a great jewel house, and dropping bergs of pearl and sapphire into the sea," surpass in magnificence those of Switzerland. The account of the strange

northern capital Sitka is very interesting. A number of illustrations enhance the value of the book.

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1884. Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN, Ottawa. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 8vo., pp. 501. Price $3, to subscribers $2.50

We have had frequent occasion to commend previous volumes of this admirable annual register. It seems to improve with each successive volume. Mr. Morgan has exhibited rare good taste and judicial impartiality in recording the political and parliamentary history of the year. It is a task of great delicacy—like walking on eggs—but his honest intent carries him safely through it. The co-editors have done their work well. Among the other valuable features are chapters on the Progress of Education; Review of Literature, Science and Art; Obituary for the Year; Journal of Remarkable Occurrences; with several valuable appendices and very copious indices. Our own Dr. Carrol and Dr. Rice receive due commemoration. For the editor, the publicist, the writer or speaker on current or recent events, this book of reference is simply indispensable.

What I Saw in Europe: a Series of Familiar Letters. By the Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D., Ocean Grove, N.J. Adam Wallace, Publisher.

These pages are just what their title describes them, familiar letters. There is nothing stiff or stilted about them. They are just the genial talk of a keen observer and genial optimist, who will persist in looking at the bright side of things and extracting good from everything. Having gone over the same route that Dr. Stokes describes—through Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and France—we can testify to the faithfulness of his graphic pen pictures. His Methodist sympathies lead him to especially enjoy a visit to City Road Chapel, which he commemorates in a graceful poem. Several other poems, instinct with a high order of genius, are distributed through the volume.

The Epworth Hymnal. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 8vo., pp. 232. Price 35 cents.

Dr. Vincent and the co-editors of this fine Hymnal have rendered a valuable service to the Church by its compilation. It is the outcome, they say, of a demand for a hymn and tune book which shall unify the song-service of the home, the Sunday-school, the prayer-circle and the great congregation. Hence a large proportion of its contents are those grand old standard hymns and tunes of the Church which have stood the test of time. To these are added a large and choice collection of bright and attractive hymns and songs, especially adapted to youth, for use in the Sunday-school and home, in prayer-meetings and social services. Some of these are pieces now first published. The book, which contains 369 hymns, with the music, legibly printed and well bound in paper boards, is very cheap at the price. The title is a very graceful recognition of the fountain of Christian influence from which such beneficent streams have flown forth to bless all lands.

The Two Circuits: a Story of Western Life. By J. L. CRANE. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. pp. 502, illustrated. Price $1.

This book has some striking merits and some striking faults. It gives a graphic portraiture of western pioneer Methodism, a good deal in the style of Egglestone's "Hoosier School Master," and "The Circuit Rider." But like these books, it dwells too largely on the humorous side of circuit experience. While there were, no doubt, scenes of broad and even farcical humour, as is set forth in the experiences of Peter Cartwright, there were also scenes of deep and tender pathos, and of extraordinary revival power. While the characters of the old skinflint, Mr. Get, and the Grabdime family, and the "Hard-shell" preacher, and Dr. Heatem and Prof. Puffix may be, in the main, authentic, we are haunted with a feeling that the extraordinary and sensational adven-

tures in which these take part are too funny to have had their counterpart in real life.

Outline Study of Political Economy. By GEORGE M. STEELE, LL.D. Pp. 195. New York: Chautauqua Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

Few subjects demand at the present day more thoughtful study than political economy. There exist upon this subject the most vague, crude, and contradictory notions. Yet it touches daily life in many of its most vital and practical relations. Dr. Steele has done good service by this brief, plain treatise upon a large and difficult topic. He treats the subject under four heads—Production, Consumption, Exchange, and Distribution. The relations of capital and labour; productive and unproductive labour and consumption; protection and free trade; banks, banking metallic and paper currency; wages, profit, interest, rent and taxation are some of the subjects judiciously treated. Were the principles of this science more carefully studied there would be less friction and irritation in the relations of employer and employee, and more thrift, content and prosperity in both classes.

Book-Keeping by Double Entry. By JOHN MISCALL. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

The mysteries of book-keeping, we are sorry to say, are beyond our comprehension, but an expert to whom we have shown this book speaks very highly of the method set forth.

Brief Memories of Hugh McCalmont, the First Earl Cairns. By the author of "English Hearts and English Hands." Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

Lord Cairns has won a nobler title to our regard by his zeal as an earnest Christian than even by his ability as a wise statesman. He added lustre to his coronet by his saintly character. This little volume gives an outline of his services to the cause of God in a lofty sphere, which is too often disgraced by ignoble vices and sordid aims. Such examples of piety in high places do much to redeem the peerage from the reproaches which unworthy members have brought upon it.

"I Come Quickly," being papers read at a Conference on the second coming of our Lord, held at Niagara, July 14-17, 1885. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

The authors of these papers are the Rev. John Mutch, M.A., J. H. Brookes, D.D., H. M. Parsons, W. G. Edman, T. C. DesBarres, J. Denovan, S. H. Kellogg, D.D., and M. Baldwin, D.D. Although we cannot agree with these honoured brethren in their interpretation of Scripture on the important subject here treated, there will be found in this volume by every devout mind much that will tend to edifying.

LITERARY NOTICES.

That well-known Parliamentary reporter, Mr. Henry Lucy, has written two stout volumes which he calls "A Diary of Two Parliaments." The volumes are literally what they profess to be—a diary of events passing under the eye of the observer; not only is it a diary of events, but it is a gallery of portraits sketched from the life with quick vigorous strokes during the Premierships of Disraeli and of Gladstone.—*Cassell & Co., Publishers.*

The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World is the subject of an elegantly printed and illustrated pamphlet, containing a description by the sculptor, M. Bartholdi, of this colossal statue. A fine steel engraving of the completed work, and numerous wood-cuts, show the manner of its construction. It is published for the benefit of the Pedestal Fund, by the *North American Review*, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

From the Rev. J. G. Bond, whose interesting story is now running through this MAGAZINE, we have received a printed copy of his admirable lecture on "Chinese Gordon," delivered at St. John's, Newfoundland.

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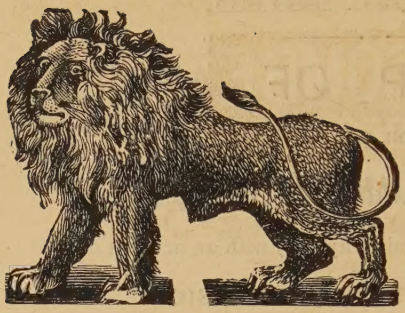

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